

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1944

HIGHWAY TRANSPORT . . . VITAL TO VICTORY AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE



Somewhere There's a Road

Somewhere under this blanket of snow, there's a highway . . . a vital artery of commerce serving rich farm lands and important industrial areas.

In a few moments, truck-driven snowplows and sand spreaders will clear the way for scores of other trucks to follow . . . trucks carrying milk and munitions, cattle and cannon, farm and factory products of every description . . . trucks that must get through regardless of the weather.

Multiply this picture a thousandfold and you'll get some idea of the huge job performed by highway maintenance trucks on almost any winter day. And snow removal is only a small part of the story.

Throughout the country, 175,000 to 200,000 trucks are regularly engaged in road maintenance, construction and repair . . . in order that the rest of our 4,000,000 trucks can continue to help America out-produce and out-transport the Axis on the home front.



Joseph B. Eastman, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, recently stated: *"Automotive Transportation is absolutely essential to the winning of the War. Goods must reach their destinations and workers must get to their jobs . . . on time."* Join the U.S. Truck Conservation Corps and keep your trucks in best possible condition. Your GMC dealer is pledged to help you.

Pledged U.S. TRUCK CONSERVATION CORPS

INVEST IN VICTORY... BUY MORE WAR BONDS

GMC TRUCK & COACH DIVISION

General Motors Corporation

Home of GMC Trucks and GM Coaches . . . Volume Producer of GMC Army Trucks and "Ducks"



HOW DID THIS NATION ACQUIRE

30,000,000

CARS AND TRUCKS ?

The obvious answer is that somebody built them, and dealers sold them to a travel-conscious public.

But that is scarcely half the story.

Automobile manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers . . . energetic, ambitious, with vision . . . saw the possibilities of profitable business in the development of "personalized transportation."

They were free to compete for public favor . . . and did. The important thing is that they rendered valuable services to the American people and contributed to the economic life of their respective communities. Consequently, these men profited in proportion to their ingenuity and effort.

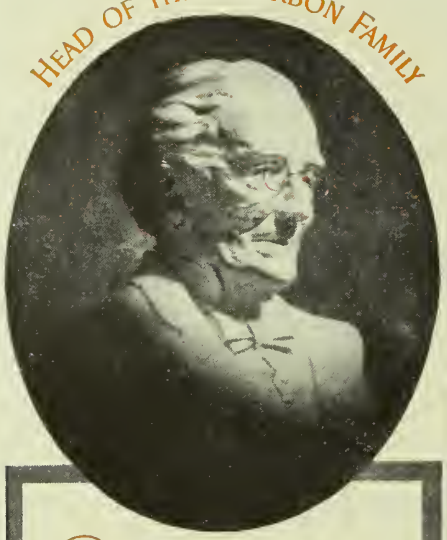
After the war, under freedom to produce and compete, the retailing and servicing of automobiles will offer enterprising men the type of opportunity which forward-looking Americans have always sought . . . a chance to serve their customers well and prosper accordingly.

BUY WAR BONDS

Chrysler Corporation

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • DODGE *Job-Rated* TRUCKS

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY



IT'S AN ILLUSTRIOUS family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it . . . heads it unmistakably.

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

Please be patient. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.



THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD • BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y.

JANUARY, 1944 Vol. 36, No. 1

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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The Message Center

WHEN you read *Reflections of a Retread* in this issue, please remember that the WAC needs thousands of volunteers to do the job which the Army has entrusted to it. Of the 625 specific types of work which the whole U. S. Army has to do the Women's Army Corps is grooming itself to do 410. The Air Forces alone have asked for 375,000 women. The Corps is currently serving in every State and in three foreign theaters of operation.

First Lieutenant Rita Bedell, who wrote the *Reflections,* was a yeoman (f) attached to the Brooklyn Navy Yard in the First World War. She was for some time secretary to the late Major William F. Deegan, who was an early Commander of the Legion's Department of New York and later became Commissioner of Tenements in New York City. Comrade Bedell belongs to Nassau County Women's Post of Freeport, New York. . . . Another Legion member who is enrolled in the WAC, also a yeoman (f) last time, is Private Edith W. Quinn, who has been an active member of U.S.S. Jacob Jones Post of Washington, D. C., since its start.

THE following poem, titled *To Dad Across the Miles,* was written by Elmer L. Thomas, RM 3/C, U.S.N.R., while training at the University of Wis-

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Your Long Distance call may have gone to New Guinea

Telephone lines are the life-lines of an army. Bell System men and materials are helping to keep those lines unbroken on many battlefronts.

So if a Long Distance call gets delayed once in a while, you know there's a good reason.

The additional equipment that could be used here is serving the soldiers over there.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



U. S. Army Signal Corps installing switchboard in New Guinea

WAR NEEDS THE WIRES

If the Long Distance circuit you want is busy—and your call isn't really urgent — it will help if you will cancel it.

If it must go through, we'll appreciate your co-operation when the operator says: "Please limit your call to 5 minutes."

Movie Hero? No-no—it's his

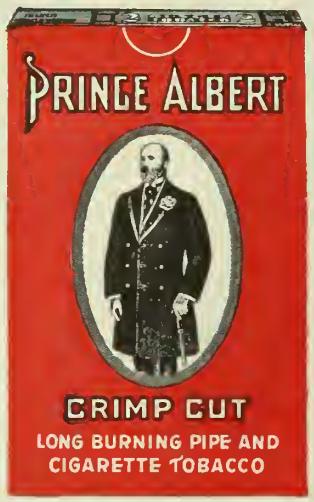
*Pipe Appeal



"PRETTY SPECIAL!" women say about the man who smokes a pipe. *Super*-special—when Prince Albert's in the bowl. They go for its *delightful fragrance, aroma.* You'll go for its *rich taste* that comes through so *mild* and mellow, so easy on your tongue. Crimp cut for proper packing, smooth, even drawing—and such surprising *coolness!* Even helps a pipe cake up better. No other tobacco like P. A. for all-round PIPE APPEAL!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



*Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

Tongue-tired? Try P.A. for RICH TASTE that's plenty MILD, smooth!



THE MESSAGE CENTER

(*Continued from page 2*)

consin, and was sent to his home town newspaper in Killingly, Connecticut. The first his father, Legionnaire George H. Thomas, and Mrs. Thomas knew about it was when they saw it in the paper. Subsequently, other newspapers used it; it was broadcast nationally and by local radio stations on a number of occasions, and was used on posters to boost sales of war bonds. Meanwhile Sailor Thomas moved from Wisconsin north by west and took part in the fighting at Attu and Kiska in the Aleutians. He is now somewhere in Alaska.

You were in the Navy, Dad:
'Twas not so long ago,
You wore the uniform I wear,
And knew the things I know.
You fought for things that you held dear,
Just like I soon will do:
That sort of makes us buddies, Dad,
Wearing Navy blue!

Sometimes at night, when I'm alone,
I think of all you've meant.
The lines of time upon your face,
That show the years you've spent
To give me things you never had.
I wonder if you'll know
How grateful I will always be,
Mere words can never show!

I know you'd like to be along
To see the battle through,
But, Dad, you've done your little bit,
Now I'll do mine, for you!
Your sacrifice gave us the chance
To know this land so fair;
So now I'll fight the best I can
To keep the things we share.

Sometimes at night when I'm alone
The years reverse their flight;
And then I see us as we were
In the days of sunnier light.
When I was just a little tyke
And you were not so gray;
You took me hiking in the woods
And joined me in my play.

We picked the spring's first willow buds
And searched for water cress.
You and I and brother George—
The world's best pals, I guess!
'Twas you who taught me how to love
The fields and shaded wood
And not to fear the lonely trail,
'Cause, Dad, you understood!

There is a Lone Trail I may walk
Before the Peace is made.
But, Dad, I've learned your lesson well,
I'll never be afraid!
And if, in heat of blazing fray,
The Master calls my name,
I'll answer smiling—you know that:
I'll never die in shame.

Some day, Dad, we'll do again
The things we used to do.
We'll tramp the painted autumn woods
That years ago we knew.
We'll breathe the clean, sweet country air—
I hope it soon may be!
These simple things are why I fight,
To keep them ever free!

THE cover design of this issue of your Legion Magazine was painted by William J. Aylward, noted marine artist who belongs to the Post at Port Washington, N. Y. The picture shows two American cargo vessels unloading war equipment at Circular Quay in Sydney, Australia, with Sydney Bridge in the background. Circular Quay handles American cargo exclusively. The naval officer in the left foreground is typical of the armed guard commanders who head the gun crews on all American merchantmen that sail the ocean blue. Comrade Aylward has taken the artistic license of turning up the wrong side of the hat of the Aussie who is standing beside the officer. THE EDITORS

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



You'll have an exciting, dramatic and inspiring 30 minutes when your post sees this film.

It's the story of the splendid job the Legion is doing to put power into America's war punch.

It demonstrates the Legion's fitness for the duties it has recognized and sworn to perform.

It will touch your heart strings, too, because it contains many shots of past conventions with all of the play and pageantry that is characteristic of these great gatherings. Look sharply—for you may even see yourself on the screen.

Your state adjutant has the reels all ready for showing. Use the handy coupon below.

If you don't see this picture, you're missing a lot. It has been enjoyed and praised by hundreds of thousands of veterans and service men.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

To your State Adjutant:— Date_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Please send us the new AMERICAN LEGION *film for showing on the following date:*

1st Choice_____ 2nd Choice_____ 3rd Choice_____

We have 16 mm. sound-on-film projection equipment.

Post_____ Address_____

By_____ _____

Produced for the American Legion by ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. ST. LOUIS

Labor and the Legion

By WARREN H. ATHERTON
National Commander
The American Legion



IT'S AN OLD CHINESE CUSTOM to settle scores, balance books and start the New Year with good will toward all.

It's a good custom worth trying.

Somebody has been sicking a fight on labor and the Legion. We won't sic. Such a fight would help Hitler and tickle Tojo. In common, labor and the Legion want:

To win the war and win the peace.

To preserve freedom of person, of speech, of religion and of the right to join any lodge, post or union.

To make life in our country better and safer.

To be a helpful neighbor to the world.

To do these things we must beat the Axis. The more ships, planes, tanks, guns and ammunition our sons get from us the more Japs and Huns they'll kill. The faster our sons kill Japs and Huns the sooner we'll win the victory and the more of them will live to come home.

Work stoppage in war industry by employer or employe keeps MacArthur and Eisenhower and our Allies from getting the weapons they need, hampers our men and helps the enemy. Giving aid or comfort to the enemy in time of war is treason.

If a soldier gives his gun to a Hun that's treason. If one refuses to make a gun for a soldier, that gives the Hun one more than we have. That aids the enemy in time of war. We say it's treason. We commend Presidents Green and Murray for labor's no-strike pledge. We will commend them more if they see it's kept.

Union members are severely punished if they don't strike when called out. Striking against orders should merit the same treatment.

We commend the great majority of loyal Americans in organized labor who are buying bonds, building better and making more. Their work is doing much to win the war.

We condemn the minority who have blackened labor's record, prolonged the war and brought death to American sons, by striking in defiance of our President and their President.

Ninety-nine and nine-tenths of the brave men who fought for our independence were loyal. Benedict Arnold gave aid to the enemy. He was a traitor.

We wish our nation internal harmony, an early Victory and a Happy New Year.



Continental Red Seal Engines

POWER TO WIN

Here is a Continental Powered Industrial Truck, quickly loading a Continental Aircraft Engine into a huge transport.

Continental activities are many and varied. You'll find Red Seal Engines powering planes, tanks, landing boats, amphibian command cars, picket boats, farm tractors, trucks, buses, concrete spreaders, snow plows, and more than 60 additional applications.

Whatever their assignment, on land, sea or in the air, Continental Red Seal Engines of all types are building for themselves a tremendous heritage that will profoundly influence America's Power to Win in the world's post-war markets.

ARMY E NAVY

Awarded to the
Detroit and Muskegon Plants
of Continental Motors
Corporation
for High Achievement

Your Dollars Are Power, too
. . . Buy War Bonds

Continental Motors Corporation

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN



Foothold *in a Fog*



Smoke Generator in Action

Good weather is bad weather for an invasion.

When American troops land on enemy beaches, it's often under cover of a friendly life-saving "fog."

American scientific and engineering ingenuity provided the equipment for our forces to make their own special invasion weather. For the "fog" is produced artificially by mobile smoke generators which blanket whole areas in an impenetrable white mist.

Months ago, the National Defense Research Committee enlisted the help of General Electric research scientists in developing an improved smoke generator for the Chemical Warfare Service.

Nobel prize winner Dr. Irving Langmuir and his associates evolved a new principle of smoke generation, upon which the Standard Oil Development Company designed and built the equipment. The smoke it produces is harmless; it doesn't even soil clothes. But it does keep our troops and their movements from the sharp eyes of enemy aircraft.

This smoke generator, which according to reports has saved lives in Allied landings wherever it has been used, is another example of American industry's research and engineering and manufacturing skill. Producing superior weapons for our troops today, these same resources will be available for all the American people tomorrow in building a better world. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

192,000 employees of General Electric are buying over a million dollars of War Bonds every week.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-492C-211

Hear the General Electric radio Programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC —"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.



"Are you coming up with me, Sergeant?"

Illustrated by BETTINA STEINKE

The Boner

By DUANE YARNELL

I GUESS this will show you what a funny guy the general is. I guess it will show you quite a lot of things about him.

The first jeep I wrecked, they turned me over to a young lieutenant. Two days later, when I wrapped my second jeep around a smashed F-W that Doolittle's boys had left lying around, they turned me over to a major.

He did quite a job on me, the major. He made me stand there and listen for half an hour. And when he got through with me, he took my sergeant's chevrons.

The day I put the third jeep out of action, there weren't any colonels around so the general did the honors himself. I remember the way he looked that day, his shirt soiled and open at the neck and his face under a two-day growth of whiskers. He was scowling and shifting from one foot to the other, and it seemed that half the enlisted guys in uniform were waiting to hear me catch it.

The general said, "Soldier, how can any man wreck three jeeps in five days?"

"I was in a hurry, sir!" I said.

For no good reason, the general grinned. He hunched his left shoulder and polished his star against his stubbly cheek. "I like soldiers who are in a hurry," the general said. "From now on, *Sergeant*, you're driving me wherever I go."

So I guess that explains a lot of things. It shows you how I got my three chevrons back and how I happened to get transferred to Headquarters as the general's private chauffeur.

And I guess it also explains what a sense of humor the general has, the kind of outlook on things that makes every man under him willing to go to hell for him.

I got the other side of the story after I started hanging around Headquarters. I don't mean that the big shots with two and three stars were jealous of the general. It wasn't that. They just didn't see how a guy like the general could get such amazing results.

They said the general's methods were unorthodox, and when the general was out of earshot, they said his methods were screwball. They liked him, but he was only 33, the youngest one-star general in service, and sometimes I could hear them betting how long it would be before those unorthodox methods got him caught up in a lawnmower.

And after they heard how the general had chosen me to drive his favorite jeep, two would get you one that the general would pull some horrible boner before the month was out.

The general pulled a boner all right. And I was right there to see it. . .

The Germans were holding a high hill south of Rome. They'd been holding it for three days. The general was spending a lot of his time close to the telephone, saying stuff like, "I know, sir; it's an important hill and my men haven't taken it. But leave it to them, sir, they're the best damned soldiers in service. . ."

And sometimes, I could hear the other end of the conversation. Stuff like, "From any other man, General, this failure might be excused. But from you! We'd counted on you and your magnificent men. . ."

Not nasty stuff, understand, but with a point that the general had no trouble getting. He'd been pretty cocky. He'd said a lot of times that he had the best outfit in Italy. He loved his men and he knew they loved him and I guess this failure to dislodge the Germans from that hill was getting under his skin.

Late the third afternoon, the general was sitting by the telephone. He wasn't talking, but was holding the receiver half a foot from his ear and the look on his face was not a pleasant thing to see. Finally, he said, "I'll have a look myself, sir!" He put down the phone and picked up his field glasses.

"Sergeant," he said, "take me up to the front!"

That was the general for you. He liked to be up there where the shooting was going on. And especially, he liked to ride

(*Continued on page 32*)

37 Days of Horror

By J. NORMAN LODGE

The campaign that brought the capture of Munda on New Georgia was a stinkeroo to every Yank that took part in it. Here's how, by an *AP* war correspondent who fought with the 26th Division in 1918

IF YOU want to see a hell of a war —and a warring hell — follow Horace Greeley's advice, young man, and go west. Go west all the way until, by the paradox that is true, you arrive half way around the world into what we call the Far East. There, gentlemen of World War One—there, General, is a war that IS hell.

Our World War One trenches were Paradise! Our watery days and our mud were at least clean. And even our cooties were trivial things. In a few words, the war of 1917-1918 wasn't such a hell of a war or such a warring hell as our kids are experiencing "down under."

I know. I've been in both wars and I've been on every front in this second unexpurgated edition—that is waging in practically every civilized country. Only the people we facetiously call savages sit by and wonder just what civilization is fighting about.

And if you don't believe that is so let me digress a moment to give you a true copy of a notice pasted on a certain mess hall bulletin board on Guadalcanal. It reads:

"American soldiers are requested to please be a little more careful in their choice of language, especially when natives are assisting them in their unloading of ships, trucks and in erecting abodes. American missionaries spent many years among us and taught us the words we shouldn't use. Every day, however, American soldiers use those words and the good work your missionaries did in our midst is being undermined by your careless profanity."

The notice was signed by one of the "talking" chiefs of a Polynesian tribe, quartered on Guadalcanal but gathered from Malaita, Florida and Tulagi Islands.

But, to return to the present war, especially in the Pacific, let's first peruse World War One during which I was an infantryman in the 26th (Yankee) Division—the Division that saw more front line action than any other, and to forestall arguments from the First, Second or Fourth, I'll cite my authority as official War Department documents.

Officially my Division was ten months and four days in action. That action included five major engagements and took us from Soissons to Toul, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne, among other sectors.

Of course we had rain.

Of course we had a modified type of aerial bombing.

Of course we had such things as mud, as cooties, as lack of steaks and temporary sessions when hot coffee wasn't brought up through the communication lines.

Of course we also had trenches and I'll swap a foxhole for a trench any time.

At least in the trenches you have the benefit of company and when the shells begin to fall, and the machine-gun bullets begin to sing by, it's solace to have a buddy nearby.



Not so in the Solomons. You pick the nearest jungle growth, or the nearest bomb crater or shell hole, and that, brother, is your front line. Your pal, who started off from the beach-head with you may have a foxhole nearby, but when those aerial bombs start screeching down you don't have that feeling of being able to reach out your hand and feel someone else with you. He just isn't there. And, most likely, he's feeling the same as you do—insecure.

Remember those delicious dugouts? Nothing like that when you're fighting the Nips. It's still a shallow hole, and when night casts its eerie shadow over the jungle you know exactly what General Sherman meant, although he didn't know, when he coined that expressive term, what a hell of a war this war of hell was going to be.

Cooties! Forget it, brother. How'd you like to be in a none too deep foxhole, the jungle reaching out millions of imaginary gremlins toward you, with Japs making unearthly noises either by mouth or with equipment especially designed for the purpose, and then feel the gradual tightening of throat muscles. For the moment you know it's a Nip. Automatically you draw your trench



They stormed the slight rise that characterizes every Solomons beach



Illustrated by
HAMILTON GREENE

Automatically you draw your trench knife—you don't dare fire your gun in the jungle at night

knife—you can't fire your gun in the jungle at night, because it gives away your position.

Then you realize, as you grow chilly in the tropic night, it's an iguana, seeking his nightly meal of insects.

Relief? Brother, you'd even have been satisfied if it had been a tiger or other wild animal.

In addition to iguanas, weighing up to 14 and 16 pounds, using your cramped body as a boulevard, you'll find chameleons using your trouser legs as garages and, if, like me, you are a veteran of the practice World War, you'll wish a thousand times over that you had on multi-seamed underwear, cootie filled, in preference.

But lizards aren't your greatest worry. Remember the Anophele mosquito? He's the pesky little fellow who carries malaria. You'll get stung hundreds of times a night whether you have on a head net or not. And you'll have a dry throat for, especially in New Georgia, there isn't any water to be had unless you gather it from the huge, leafy plants during the nightly rainstorm or find a large bomb crater dug deep enough to have seepage in it.

In the latter case you'll fill your canteen, iodize it with five drops of the vile-tasting black liquid and just pray that death isn't too far away.

Japanese infiltration—and the Nips are trained night jungle fighters—also gives you the "jimmies." And then, after the night of a million hours has passed, you know that with the first daylight stretch—to get the sciatica pains eased, to let that arm you've been lying on all night drop off, to hear your knees snap back into place with an echo like a 16-inch gun—you'll drop right

(*Continued on page 44*)

After V-Day: JOBS

By JAY HORMEL

VICE CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL EMPLOYMENT COMMITTEE, THE AMERICAN LEGION

ONE of these days Herr Schicklgruber and toothy Hirohito are going to fold up and call it a day. Exactly what conditions will obtain after the war is finished is as good a guess for one of us as another. But we do know what the situation was the last time, and we know that the scope of reconstruction problems this time is going to make anything that has gone before look like penny ante.

This time we are playing for keeps—a finish fight for the rights, privileges and freedoms which constitute our American way of life. There is not the slightest doubt on the part of any of us about our winning that fight. However, there is the post-war game to come which we must play out to a winning finish, too, a game in which all of us must take a hand, because it can only be won by concerted enterprise. I am talking about jobs.

From whatever angle we contemplate the coming post-war situation, a primary conviction must be that freedoms toward living a normal American life are empty privileges without opportunities for work. Job opportunity for the individual must be created, and that is something that you and I and the innate business initiative of the country can do something about. We know that the problems are coming and we know that we must start to plan and prepare to meet them.

The Legion's program for post-war employment as set forth in resolutions at the Omaha National Convention:

- Continued coöperation in post-war planning studies to avoid mass unemployment and provide full employment in the post-war period and support of the free enterprise system with government control limited.
- Extend to all veterans of the armed forces The American Legion's complete aid in securing proper employment upon their honorable separation.
- Urge the Federal Government to provide means for a continuation of schooling, where interrupted by war service, and vocational training for all unskilled or physically handicapped veterans.
- Complete preference, when qualified by passing a competitive examination, in actual appointment and retention in Federal Civil Service for all honorably discharged veterans, their widows and the wives of disabled veterans.
- Urge the Federal Government to assume its proper financial obligation by adequately providing for all veterans until they are placed in permanent employment.
- Urge the extension and improvement of unemployment compensation coverage and benefits; oppose its federalization; support experience ratings, continue to study methods of employment stabilization and insist that State funds be maintained to adequately protect the worker.
- Utilize all facilities available in presenting to the public and to all now in the armed forces the Legion's aims in aiding in securing job opportunities for them.
- Urge that the facilities and personnel of the Veterans Administration, Veterans' Employment Service, Re-employment Division of Selective Service, United States Employment Service and all rehabilitation, vocational training and placement agencies, be promptly and adequately expanded to assure that veterans will get the jobs to which their talents entitle them.

What is post-war planning? It is just the ordinary sort of planning which prudent people always do. They try to think before they are forced to act. Post-war planning is extraordinary only in that we all recognize that the end of the war will bring real changes into the lives of more people more suddenly than ordinarily happens. And while we may not be exactly clear about what these changes will be, we do know that the signal for them will be the good word that the war has ended.

Post-war planning is no more mysterious or complicated than the thoughtfulness with which any man, in any walk of life, may undertake to keep his affairs in order—not only for today, but for tomorrow.

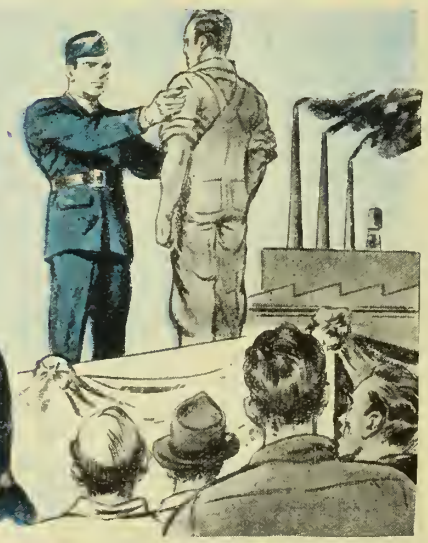
Of course, if you are thinking in terms of government projects, your post-war planning will be for government projects. If you are thinking in terms of social reforms, your conclusions will have to do with social reforms. On the other hand, if you are looking ahead in terms of your own business, your planning will be in terms of your own business. But if you are thinking in terms of your own job, your post-war planning will have to do with the kind of job you want and can do, as compared with the kind of job you can get. It will be simply trying to think of the best means of making the most of your own private, personal opportunity.



If it rates a patent it will probably provide a good many jobs



Showing appreciation for a job well done helps boost morale



The man who furnishes a weapon-speeding idea rates recognition

In short, it is just that simple act of giving some thought to the morrow, to the plans of the people—the composite of our individual plans. Actually, all we are fighting for is that one privilege—the privilege of individual self-expression. When we talk about the freedoms, we mean simply the freedoms of the individual, the freedom to act. If we expect to get much satisfaction from it, we shall have to give some thought to what those acts shall be.

Post-war conditions under Axis domination would mean having someone tell us what to do. The American way of post-war planning is for each of us, in full recognition of the rights of the other fellow, to decide what he himself is going to do.

General Electric, General Motors, General Foods, General Mills—all of them—will find themselves faced with changed conditions after this war ends. The management of those companies had better start now to do some plain and fancy guessing as to what those changed circumstances will be and decide what they are going to do about them.

If you happen to be a distributor for one of them you will be tremendously affected by their decisions. If you work for one of them, you will likewise be affected.

However, I want to make two points clear. We must not let all planning be done by big business. Nor should all business planning be done in the front office.

We should not leave all the planning to big business because, regardless of the large number of people to whom these big companies give employment, we must not forget that the rest of us furnish the customers who make that employment possible. If you and I don't get our planning done so that we can be good customers, all the plans the various companies make will fail.

And all that planning should not be done in the front office because, much as those who sit in front offices would like to think so, the fact is that front offices have no patent on brains, on ingenuity, on that resourcefulness which American freedoms foster.

Post-war planning is a job which should be undertaken by every American with respect to his own niche in American life. Every man with a job should be mapping out his own saving and spending program, and should be contributing what he can to the planning that surrounds his job. Every man in business for himself should be charting his course to make sure that he remains in business and that perhaps he may make a job for a man or two besides himself. Every man who has one or two or eight employes should be devising means of protecting that employment and, if possible, of

(*Continued on page 32*)

Assignment in America

By PAUL V. McNUTT
ADMINISTRATOR, FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY

What the Government proposes to do for our men and women returning from the war

"I have assured our men in the armed forces that the American people will not let them down when the war is won."

In these words uttered recently, President Roosevelt voiced what is in the mind and heart of every American. For, regardless of any other commitment, this country is united in the determination to underwrite its gratitude with measures designed to assure our defenders a good life in a homeland worthy of them, once the gunbarrels cool and the bombers are grounded.

Such measures should not be labeled "post-war planning," much less pigeonholed for future action. For they affect the service man's peace of mind as he fights today, and hence they are part of our fighting strategy. If our soldiers and sailors are plagued with doubts and worries over their future well-being and security, which means also that of their families, they cannot give their maximum will and zest to their fighting jobs; if they know that we are at work building toward economic security at home for themselves and their families their hearts will be that much freer and bolder to do their task of winning a victorious peace for us on the battlefields.



Even now the fighting man is dreaming of the day when he'll get a good job back home

At the same time we know that when these millions of fighting men return from war they will have economic se-

(*Continued on page 48*)

In addition to the provisions of the National Employment Program given on the opposite page, The American Legion has requested the Congress to amend the Social Security Act as to Old Age and Survivors Insurance and to provide suitable credit during military service for all in the armed forces

How to Win the Peace

By HENRY J. TAYLOR

A Noted Author and Radio Commentator Points Out Some Mistakes the U.S. Is Making and Some It Seems About to Make

OUR military leaders are conducting the war magnificently. Their strategy has been orderly, thorough and far sighted. Our equipment, and the use of it, has been imaginative and efficient. And the fighting quality of our armed forces, officers and men of the ranks, is something to make every American proud.

The question is not, "Will we win?" The question is, "What will we win?" And that is not a military question. It is political.

I am convinced that if our political leadership at home does not mend its reckless ways the military victory will lose its real meaning. For if the extremists continue their policies, our national character will be so politically and economically undermined that should the next war come we would actually face the prospects of losing it.

Among our dangers are these:

1. The belief that American generosity can bring the world prosperity. Beyond the most immediate and temporary relief, the other countries of the world must do many things for themselves before America can help them very much.

2. That a world built on arbitrary Anglo-Americanism (for that's what our policy of exaggerated internationalism is) will be a peaceful world. Our policy of exaggerated internationalism is as war-provoking and fool-hardy as is narrow isolationism.

3. That we can dole out freedom, as though it were some commodity, to all the peoples of the world. Eighty percent of the people of the world simply are not ready for what we are talking about. Eighty percent of the world's people would not use universal freedom to maintain universal peace.

4. That the distinctive qualities and virtues which made the United States what it is are outmoded.

Reward for individual initiative, self-faith, reliance on the guidance of Christian principles, integrity and courage are the immutable foundations on which America was founded, grew and flourished. Yet our leaders sap these at home through a flimsy appeal of paternalism, a low appeal to human weaknesses which are the reverse of the high virtues in the men who are bringing us victory against our mortal enemies overseas.

Our service men, the old and the new, will comprise our most influential group when the war is over. This will be the group which should have the most to say about national and international policies. Yet, at a time when the veterans of tomorrow are inarticulate, their Government saps the strength of the U. S. ideal by political boondoggling at home.

Good government is a pre-requisite to winning this war in such a way that something more than disillusionment can come with the peace. The direst threat to America's future—and to the world's future, too—because a healthy world is impossible without a healthy America—lies in the reckless promises of our open-handed leaders. They conjure up a world Arcady—peaceful, prosperous, and universally in love with America. This vision, in itself, is not evil, of course, but that fact makes it none the less dangerous. For when primitive peoples throughout the world are solemnly told America will and can breathe freedom and prosperity into their lives, they make their own definitions of freedom and prosperity and then get ready to hold us to our impossible promises.

Dreams tempered with practicality are the signposts of progress. But promises which none can fulfill do lasting harm.

For example, the Atlantic Charter, interpreted abroad as America's promise of freedom to the peoples of Europe, Asia and Africa, is a stirring document. Freedom has been fought for and died for by the heroes of the world since the world began. But the Charter is a false proposal, for it is not rooted in the facts, and its "promises" will not be kept.

We cannot solve, overnight and from afar, the complicated, centuries-old problems of the Old World. These are problems of races, religions, superstitions, customs. They are problems that are complex beyond all measure. Their solutions lie in recognizing the limits of human nature and the short distance we have gone along the road to universal education.

Americans who propose to remake the world overnight, as a result of this war, will in their haste end by disgusting our own people with the rest of the world and the rest of the world with us.

Americans may take our global-planners lightly. Peoples abroad do not. Sit, as I have, in foreign lands and hear America's promises come in over the short-wave radio. See the impact on the people, the look in their eyes, the expression in their faces, then think of these faces when our promises prove false.

We are piling hope on hope, dream on dream, building up an airy structure that will collapse after the war, bringing disillusionment to the world and to our own people. And in this disillusionment we are sowing the seeds, not of peace, but of continual war.

I am convinced that some measure of international coöperation can be achieved after the war, and I hope and pray that our country may be the leader in it. But this effect must be rooted in such promises as we can keep, and it must then be extended gradually by evolutionary processes.

World power politics will remain an evil after this war as before. The problem of world peace must be approached with this in mind. Russia will speak first for the Russians and then for the world. So will Great Britain and China. We must not be resentful when they do this. They believe many of their problems and their hopes are their own. They do not expect to stand up for America's rights or the general rights of the whole wide world. We should not be ashamed to insist on our own rights too. And to the extent that our present policy weakens our ability to do that is an injustice to our participation in the war.

In the domestic field, our leaders weaken us further by daubing a masterly camouflage of spoken morality over the grim reality of politics. Abusing the spirit of old laws and passing new ones for purposes other than those which are apparent, they have entered into a vast pretense of making democracy work. Actually, their special theories, their ukases and directives, their witch-hunts and purges, their kitchen-cabinet conspiracies do not operate in the interest of democracy. They operate for the purpose of ruling our nation as they in their wisdom see fit.

They do not believe that ordinary Americans like you and me can be trusted to act wisely and in the national interest if we are told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Individual men and women are the essential element of the nation, which will be precisely what they are—for better or worse.

Henry J. Taylor, author of the best selling book, "Men in Motion," was a witness to the German invasion of Poland in 1939 and since that time has traveled more than 65,000 miles as a war correspondent. He had two successful business careers, in the corn products industry and in paper, before he decided, some years ago, to concentrate on world economics and politics. As this article was written he had just begun a two months' visit to Portugal, Spain, Italy and Northwest Africa, after which he was planning to resume his nightly commentary over the Blue Network



"Hang the expense! We'll take care of everything!"

Illustrated by JOHN CASSEL

This is what these men fail to see: That the destiny of our nation lies within our people. The forces that made this nation the envy of the world sprang from the individual American. These forces flow from the individuals to the family, the community, the state, the nation. The health of the whole—the nation—depends on the health of the individual.

America's unique strength, written in the chronicles of the past, points the way to a glorious future if our peoples are free to work and free to succeed. They must not be denied the right to believe in their own powers. They must not be taught to lean on the false crutch of government paternalism. "The state owes you a living" is good politics, but its abuse by the politicians themselves to their own advantage is a profound indictment of their interest in the American way of life.

Moral principles, and moral principles alone, should limit any individual American's accomplishment. We need no office-holders to tell each man how far he can succeed in our land. Who are they to put a "ceiling" on us and then claim that they will be our keepers?

An America protesting against government omnipotence; an America holding firm to the highest human truths of the past; an America of American individuals and American homes, motivated by our traditional forces of morality and self-faith; an America which meets the changing of this bewildering world by making boldly such promises as it can live up to, and only such promises, and then lives up to them come what may; an America so militarily strong that no one can ever fail to join us in any coalition—that is an America which can meet its glorious destiny for its own people and for the world. And that is

(*Continued on page 44*)



Members of the Second WAC Training Center on parade at Daytona Beach, Florida, show they can handle an army car as well as any man. Inset, Legionnaire Rita Bedell

Reflections of a Retread

By RITA BEDELL
FIRST LIEUTENANT, WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS
ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

YES, buddies, I am a Retread and with the other veterans of World War One who through good fortune are able to serve our country in active service again, I hope we travel many more miles before we blow out.

To us Legionnaires the last war is still a clear recollection.

My double-breasted Navy blue uniform with its brass buttons, its hard hat with chin band and military cape, has through changing circumstances become the Army's olive drab. In the last war I was a Yeoman (f) USNRF, and now I am a member of the Women's Army Corps of the Army of the United States.

For us of the Legion the years following World War One were lean years, were they not? I recall too well when I was secretary to Major William F. Deegan, Commander of the New York Department of the Legion. Many of you will remember that then we had little to offer an indigent veteran. Many times I saw tears in the major's eyes and felt humiliation and shame myself as we dug into our own pockets to help a begging veteran. Perhaps it was a shave, or carfare to look for a job, or a pair of shoes. As we gulped came the determination that, if we could help it, this must not happen again. Buddies, you and I have helped build this large family of ours. We call it The American Legion.

The WAC need thousands of women to perform the 155 specific tasks which the Army has set for the Corps as its members release men for the fighting overseas. Every Legion Post and every Auxiliary Unit is an unofficial WAC Recruiting Center

It means a lot to us, and now with pride and satisfaction we offer our family to all those veterans of this great war.

During the past year I have spoken before two Department Conventions of our Legion at Jacksonville, Florida, and Atlanta, Georgia. At the latter place, they had streamlined their program from three days to one and yet I was allowed ten minutes of the main session. There before me were my buddies, every single one of them "retreads" at heart. They always listened to my plea as a recruiter for our Corps. They always helped. They understood. Indeed, they did.

Yes, in the last war we had enlisted women. They had little to do with recruiting. How different it is in this war, with its far greater demand upon manpower!

It now becomes a recruiter's duty to say to American women, "This is your home; this is your flag; this is your war; we need you and need you badly." It interferes with my sense of comfort, if I may call it that, to hear our service in the Women's Army referred to as "doing a man's job." It is true that wherever we can we relieve men from jobs. It is true we want to feel that by our service some other woman may keep her husband home with his small ones, but buddies, can you call our service "A man's job"? Why does a mother robin protect her nest? Why is the mother bear with her cubs to be so feared? Now, why?

May I ask, where on earth do women live with such rights and privileges as we women of America have? We can vote; we hold office; we own real estate; we do pretty much as we please. Statistics prove that the greatest share of the nation's wealth is either owned or controlled by women. Is it then strange

(*Continued on page* 34)

Over the Jumps—on Uncle Sam's "Iron Ponies"

They've Got What it Takes!



EVERY BUMP is a spring-board when the "iron ponies" roar into action!

• They're the hard-riding scouts of the mechanized forces—the motorcycle troops who ride their "iron ponies" into action over the toughest terrain! They're specialists, every one. And like their brothers in the other services, they have some very special preferences about the cigarettes they smoke. Let the two motorcycle rough-riders below tell you why *their* cigarette is Camel.



"ACTION AHEAD!" ... And in a twinkling, your motorcycle soldier is a fully equipped fighting man!



First in the Service

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)



DOROTHY CANAVOR, war plant worker—like the men in the service, *her* cigarette is Camel. "I like Camel's delightful mildness," she says, "and their rich flavor is always a fresh treat."



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Check Camels with your "T Zone"

If you haven't smoked a Camel recently, give them a try today. Compare them critically . . . for taste . . . for your throat . . . for your "T-ZONE." That's the real test of a cigarette. On the basis of the experience of millions of steady Camel smokers, we believe you will like the extra flavor that only Camel's blend of costlier tobaccos can give. We believe your throat will confirm the findings of other Camel smokers. So try Camels today!

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camels

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

ONCE THE SECRET OF THE GAY NINETIES



86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

NOW A TREASURE OF GOOD TASTE

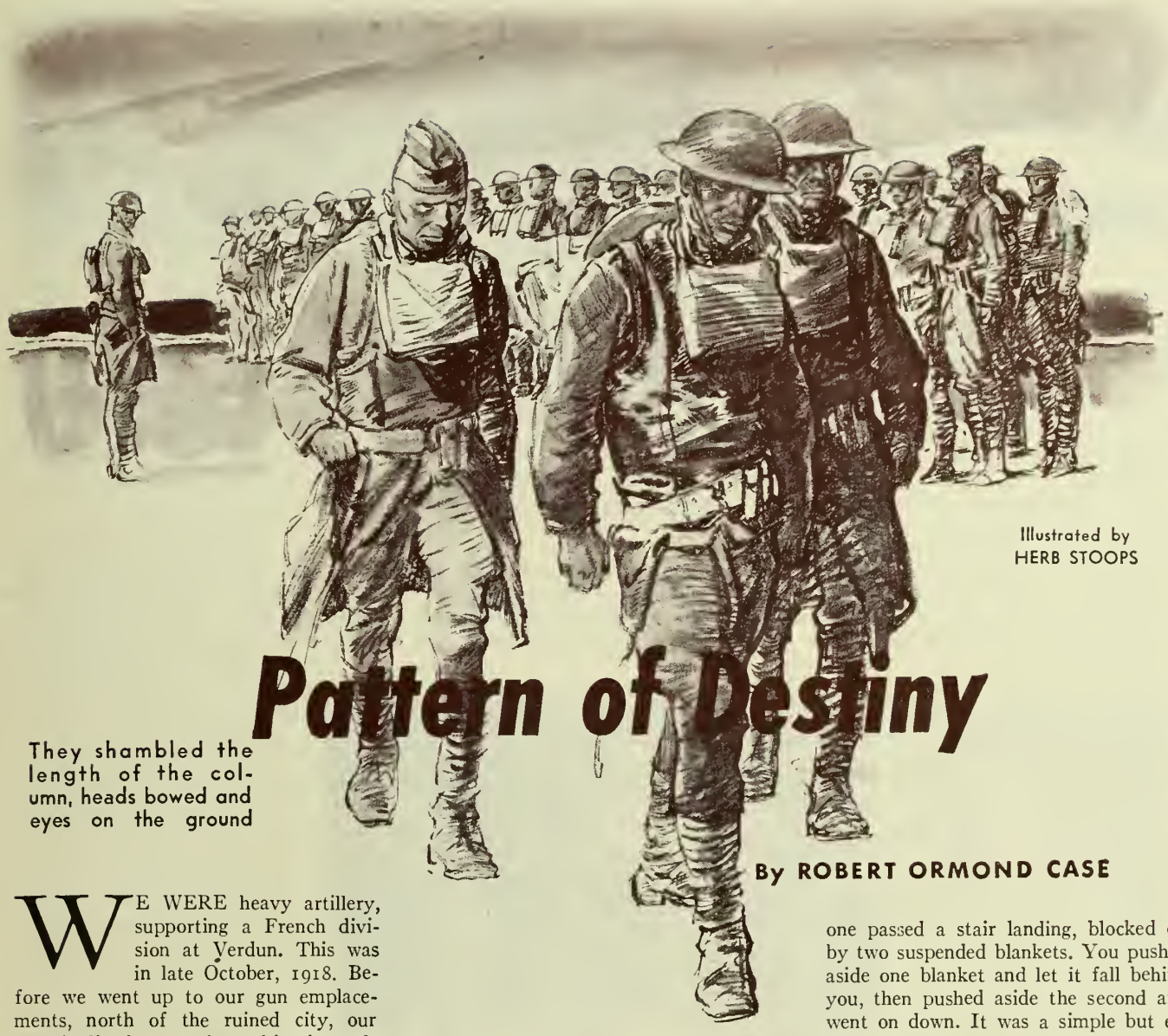
Those robust gentry of the past wanted a whiskey to flatter the tastes of their house guests. So Kinsey was blended. Its fame spread like an explorer's tale until today, instead of being the cherished cache of the favored few, Kinsey has become the people's preference. Still blended under the personal supervision of the original distiller, Kinsey has the same good taste today as in the Gay 90's. Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pa.

"ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR"... NOW AS IN 1892



HASTEN VICTORY
BUY MORE BONDS

KINSEY BLENDED WHISKEY



Illustrated by
HERB STOOPS

Pattern of Destiny

They shambled the length of the column, heads bowed and eyes on the ground

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

An Episode of Verdun, Complete on This Page

WE WERE heavy artillery, supporting a French division at Verdun. This was in late October, 1918. Before we went up to our gun emplacements, north of the ruined city, our captain lined us up in a shivering column. It was a raw, blustering day, our thirty-fifth at the front.

"Men," the captain said, in his deceptively soft Mississippi drawl, "this is ouah toughest position. I want only well men up yonder. So if any of you is sick, let him stand fo'th now. I don't mean sick at heart—because that don' count!"

I would personally have bet that no man in the outfit capable of standing on his feet would accept the humorous but hard-bitten challenge. Yet—incredibly—three quitted the ranks and took that long step forward.

The captain's face did not change expression, though I am sure he was more staggered than we. Impersonally, he gave them their orders: report to the hospital. We had been standing at ease, but now we drew erect as the three shambled the length of the column, heads bowed and eyes on the ground. Nobody spoke to them. They *might* have been sick.

The rest of us—213 of us—went on up to the front.

We stayed there eight days, and it was our toughest position, as the captain had promised. And yet, through those two hundred consecutive, reverberating hours in which we were constantly exposed to enemy shell-fire, drenched with rain and slept soddenly in mud, we lost not a man! There were no wounded, no dead. Two hundred and thirteen of us came safely back to Verdun.

MEANWHILE—and we thought of them often—our three sick men down at the base hospital were cozy and warm. They slept between clean sheets in a spotless room, ate three hot meals each day and played many games of pinochle to while away the pleasantly tedious hours. They were two floors underground, remote even from the sound of war, as snug as a bug in a rug, as your grandfather would have put it.

And that paved the way for a curious thing. To descend to this lower level one passed a stair landing, blocked off by two suspended blankets. You pushed aside one blanket and let it fall behind you, then pushed aside the second and went on down. It was a simple but effective gas-trap.

Unfortunately, since there had been no gas at Verdun for eight months past, these blankets had been pinned aside. It was more convenient, if contrary to regulations. It was unfortunate because two long-range gas shells—one of Fritz's last, shoddy devices—burst at the door leading to the lower level. The gas spread out, rolled down like sluggish water pouring into a rat-hole; and before the alarms began to squawk and scream through battle-scarred Verdun, the entire lower floor of the hospital was filled with lethal fumes. Every man there was gassed — not fatally, but enough to give them acid-impaired lungs for the rest of their natural lives.

Included were our three. They *might* have been sick when they stepped forth from the ranks that day and asked to be excused. We never knew. What impressed us, being realists and gamblers and believers in destiny—as all fighting men must be—was that 213 of us came safely back from our toughest position. The three who remained behind were listed—and are listed today—as the outfit's only casualties at Verdun.

What's in a name?



This new department, dedicated to the young men and women now in uniform, is still awaiting a title. To that guy or gal who submits the best name—a name which indicates generally all branches of the service—will go fifty dollars. Entries must be submitted on or before February 1st. No entries will be returned. Address The Company Clerk, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York City 16, and be sure to give your service serial number

POSITIVELY not! The title above—borrowed, with a nod of grateful appreciation, from the NBC radio quiz program with which it is identified—has no reference to the postman or The Company Clerk cleverly cartooned by our old friend, Wally, premier cartoonist of the 1st A. E. F. and of this magazine. It stresses the fact that we are still waiting to find a proper title for this department which, as announced in our November and December issues, is a clearing-house for unofficial snapshots, service stories, humor, gag cartoons and similar material of the millions of young men and women who comprise our present armed forces.

Entries in the title contest are beginning to roll in—not in the proportion we had hoped for—and eventually some guy or gal will receive a check for fifty bucks for the best title submitted. The contest ends on February 1st. And pictures and stories and cartoons are also coming to hand—some, we'll admit, from retreads.

If you'll take a squint at the Wally cartoons spread across the bottom of this and the opposite page, you'll grasp more quickly just what we should like to have in the way of contributions to fill these columns that have been turned over to our successors-in-arms.

Here is how the Legionnaire Dads and Moms of the more than 300,000 uniformed sons and daughters can lend a hand: Twenty-five thousand copies of each issue of the Legion Magazine are distributed to Army and Navy and Marine and Coast Guard posts and stations, and to general hospitals throughout the country. But those 25,000 copies cannot begin to take care of the eight or nine million men and women in uniform. So if you older-generation veterans, will clip the pages of this department from the magazine and enclose these pages in letters to your offspring, The Company Clerk knows he will be flooded with title suggestions and with contributions. How about all of you lending a hand?



At a Women-in-the-War show in New York, war workers of World War I and enlisted girls of today line up. Can you identify their organizations from the uniforms? See story on page 21

ONCE before we suggested in this department that the retreaded Company Clerk who conducts it, is more than a bit befuddled by all the new nick-names, slang words and expressions and such like that have superseded those he learned to know during the First World War, and he invited you young fellows and girls to put him wise.

For instance, we are assured that some of the following are definitely passe: Belly-robber meant a mess sergeant; bully beef was the field (and sometimes garrison) ration of canned beef; bunk fatigue indicated loafing in barracks or billets; a dog robber was an officer's orderly; a pill roller was a guy assigned to a medical detachment or hospital; to "salvage" any equipment or other material was the polite term for swiping it.

We know, of course, that our old "canteen" on a Post is now the "P. X."; that being "gigged" or "burned" means company punishment for some misdemeanor; that a Buck Private is now a G. I., a Dogface or a Jeep; that latrine rumors are now "latrinograms." But there's no getting around it—K. P. still means just that . . . K. P.! It requires no translation.





A company of WACS in North Africa pass in review before General Henri Giraud and a troop of Spahis of the French Forces

So how about enlightening the Company Clerk and the more than a million Legionnaires who read this magazine? We may be oldtimers, but we should like to know what you youngsters are talking about when you come home on furloughs or shore leaves! Come across!

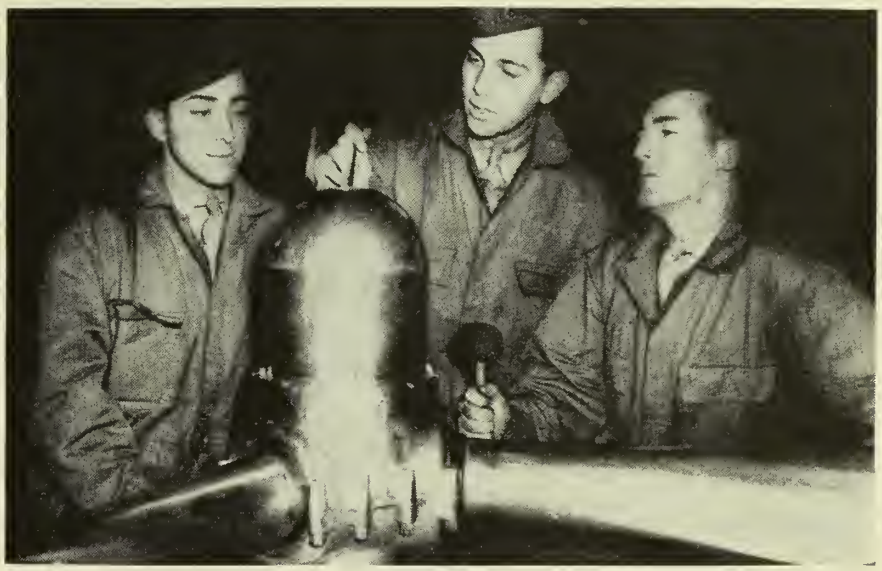
DON'T get the impression that The American Legion during its twenty-five years of existence hasn't been "co-ed," as it were. Several thousands of women are proudly claimed as active members, there are numerous all-women Posts, many Posts composed largely of men have had women Commanders and other officers, and the girls are numbered among the delegates to Department and National Conventions. But the Legion membership eligibility requirements—that a man or woman be regularly *enlisted* during the period of the First World War and that an honorable discharge from service be presented—restricted the women members to ex-Army and Navy nurses, to Yeomen (f) who were the WAVES of 1918, and to Marines (f). The less than a hundred women who were engaged by the Army and served as telephone operators in the A. E. F. under the direction of the Signal Corps, had only a civilian status.

Now, however, all of the tens of thousands of women in the auxiliary groups of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard are *enlisted* personnel, and after they receive their honorable discharges can join the Legion. Pleasant prospects for future Legion Post meetings, and Department and National Conventions—particularly for the old vets of 1917-1919!

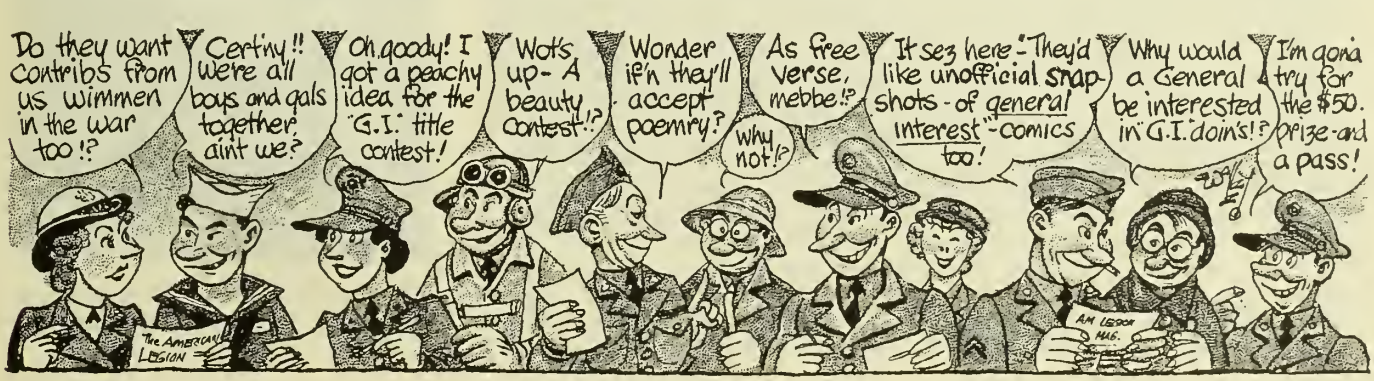
So, except for the Army and Navy nurses, and the Yeomen and Marines (f) of the First World War, the girls in uniform today have only one tradition of service on which they can base their much-needed aid in this war, and that is the tradition established by thousands of women who in a civilian status served our armed forces as volunteer workers in the welfare organizations—the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Salvation Army, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Y. W. C. A., the National Catholic War Council, the Red Cross and similar organizations whose work is now consolidated in the United Service Organizations—the U. S. O. Their activities, barred from service posts and stations, are restricted to nearby cities or towns, or places where service men visit on furloughs, and, except for the Red Cross, confined to this country.

Even though the veteran workers of those welfare groups are not eligible for Legion membership, they have been carrying on their aid for the needy and disabled veterans of World War I and their families through their own organization, the Women's Overseas Service League, which has branches in fifty-five cities throughout the country, and are now actively engaged again in giving full support in the present war.

From one of them, Miss Mary Frances Hall, an officer of the New York Unit of



Sergeant Robert Lucal, center, with two fellow-Marine grease monkeys, helped keep Major Foss' planes flying on Guadalcanal





Letters home should mean more letters to our fighters. Private Joe Fleming, New York City, pens a message before embarking for overseas

the League, who served with the Knights of Columbus in the 1st A. E. F., we received the photograph on page 20, which gives an interesting comparison between the now-mature women veterans in their First World War uniforms, and girls of the WACS, WAVES, SPARS and MARINES who are now regularly-enlisted members of our present armed forces. Mary Frances Hall, incidentally, has long been active in the American Legion Auxiliary, as have hundreds of her fellow members in the W. O. S. L., her eligibility being based upon the membership of her brother, M. F. Hall, in Bill Brown Post of the Legion in Sheepshead Bay, New York, and she is a Past Chairman of the Kings County Organization of the Auxiliary.

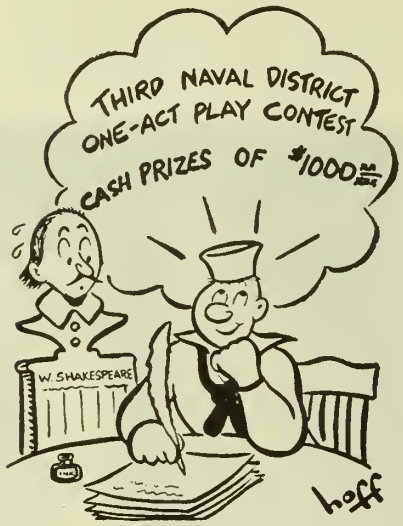
From the wealth of material sent to us by Miss Hall, we extract the following:

"There is so much discussion today about women in service—that is, about those enlisting in the various branches of our armed forces—that I thought these thousands of young women might like to learn something about the 20,000 women who, in a civilian capacity, served during the First World War, have continued their service to veterans during the intervening quarter-century, and are still on the job! And perhaps even the old vets of that war would enjoy knowing what became of those thousands of women who served them 'Over There!'

"The enclosed photograph is evidence that our patriotic young girls who are in uniform today already know something about our organization, the Women's Overseas Service League. In fact, in all communities where the older women workers and the girls have met, the latter refer to the former as their 'Godmothers' or 'Big Sisters.' The picture was taken at a 'Women-in-the-War' show which was held at Hearn's department store in New York City last August. I may sound boastful, but we women of the First World War stole the show, though only because of the truly high regard and respect that our present-day war women have for us. Our booth depicting the work that is being done by our W. O. S. L. units throughout the country, through posters and exhibits, was a center of attraction.

"In the group you will find five women of the First World War and seven girls representing the four branches of service in which they are enlisted. It is hardly necessary to state—as time will tell!—which of them are of the former conflict and which of the present. Regularly uniformed, starting at the left, you see a representative of the American Red Cross, a WAC, National Catholic War Council, a MARINE, Y. M. C. A., a WAVE, Knights of Columbus (your correspondent), a SPAR, American Nursing Corps, another WAC and two more SPARS."

After looking at the picture, The Company Clerk asked Miss Hall if these girls were bona fide enlisted members of



Gyrenes, Macs and C. G. I.'s—Hit the deck! Thar's gold in them thar plays! Contest closes February 15th. See the rules on page 42

the several services or Power's models who had donned the uniforms for the occasion. You will agree they're not hard to look at! Miss Hall came back with this:

"They were *all* very wholesome, serious-minded, sensible girls in regular service who had been detailed by their respective outfits to man the Procurement or Recruiting Booths during the 'Women-in-the-War' show. That wise remark of yours brought back memories of the 1917-1919 days when people used to say of us: 'How is it that such fine-looking, smart young women like you never married!' I am sure this was said to every girl who went over.

"Further proof?—Here are their names and home towns as they wrote them in a guest book I kept: Sergeant Agnes Cashman, U. S. Marine Corps, Midland Beach, New York, stationed in Philadelphia; Alice M. Donovan, Seaman 2/c., U. S. Coast Guard Reserve, Salem, Massachusetts, stationed in New York; Ruby Harriet Mulvihill, Spec. (R) 3/c., Portland, Oregon, stationed in New York City; Earline A. Langford, Spec. (C) 3/c., Little Rock, Arkansas, stationed in New York; Sergeant Gloria Gluckman, WAC, Long Beach, New York, at New York Induction and Reception Headquarters; Corporal Margaret E. Gargan, WAC, Greenwich, Connecticut, at same Headquarters, and Jacqueline Chase, Yeo. 3/c., U. S. Naval Reserve, Pasadena, California, stationed in New York City.

"The girls were on the job all day for two weeks and we all became good friends. Often, girls interested in joining one of the services would come to our booth as they thought the word 'Overseas' in our organization's title meant they would sail almost at once, if they signed up with us! We could only say the very best for the women in our present military services, and give advice based on our own experiences. It seemed we could really tell whether or not an applicant or 'recruit' would make good if accepted.

"In our vast and varied program in the present war, our fifty-five units throughout the country are engaged in every sort of work. The New York Unit's major project is located at 40 Worth Street in New York City, where our members are busily engaged in helping to fill the heartrending demand for garments for the families of our service men. All finished garments are turned over to the Bundles for America organization for distribution through Army and Navy Relief and the Red Cross. Afghan lap-robes have been furnished to Halloran General Hospital of the Army on Staten Island.

"Just recently our New York Unit received a beautiful gold certificate from the U. S. Marine Corps in appreciation of our help and services in enlisting women in the Corps."

To show where some of the girls in



A sailor writes his letter to the homeland in the restricted bunk quarters on a YMS minesweeper



It's a natural! A child and American service men, brass hats or enlisted, soon are pals. Orphan Freida Neil is officially adopted on her second birthday by the staff of U. S. Army Headquarters in North Ireland. See page 42

uniform are now located, we reproduce an Army Official Photo of a Company of WACS, under command of Captain Frances K. Marquis of New York City, passing in review before the famous desert Spahis and General Henri Honore Giraud, commander of the French Forces, in North Africa.

Now, you girls of the WAVES, SPARS, MARINES and WACS, after all that laudation from your women predecessors in war work, how about telling our readers about some of your own interesting or amusing experiences in your particular branch of service, and permitting them to see some of your unofficial snapshots? These columns are open to you.

NOT only men Legionnaires are proudly puffing out their chests these days about their sons and daughters in uniform, but there are plenty of women Legionnaires (as distinct from Auxiliaries) equally qualified to do the same thing. Remember, we mentioned up ahead in these columns that Army and Navy nurses, and Yeomen and Marines (f) are full-fledged Legionnaires? That's the answer.

Through the coöperation of Legionnaire Mary C. McHale of Edith Work Ayers Post of Cleveland, Ohio, an all-woman's Post, we are permitted to introduce one of these sons. He's the fine-looking kid in the center of the picture shown on page 21. Sergeant Robert (Bob) Davy Lucal, U. S. Marine Corps, is the son of Mrs. Margaret Lucal, Past Commander of Miss McHale's Post, is a member of the "Buddy Club," an organization fostered by the Post, is a former member of the Sons of the Legion Squadron of Brooklyn Post in Cleveland, and attended the Ohio Legion Department's Boys State.

Just at the time of our correspondence with Comrade McHale, Bob arrived home on a furlough after being shipped back to the States from the South Pacific for hospitalization. Malaria had caught up with him in the Solomons. But Bob's war experiences had traveled ahead of him. With a salute to Staff Sergeant Gene Ward, Combat Correspondent of the Marine Corps, we take the liberty of quoting extracts from his *UP* dispatch from Pearl Harbor, dated August 15th, which appeared in *The Cleveland Press* of September 1st:

"I met the man behind the ace today—a Marine grease monkey who kept the planes of Major Joe Foss flying throughout the Guadalcanal campaign.

"He is Sergeant Robert Davy Lucal of 49 Euclid Avenue, Willoughby, Ohio, at present in a Naval Hospital here for malaria which he picked up in the foxholes around Henderson Field.

"Young—he's just 19—and handsome, Sergeant Lucal has the cool poise of a veteran twice his age. And he knows airplanes from propellor hub to tail assembly, for he and other Marine grease monkeys on Guadalcanal learned the hard way—rebuilding the battered Grummans from spare parts, under fire.

"In fact, following the heavy shelling of the Henderson fighter strip one night in November, 1942, the sergeant and his buddies blossomed into heroes of the unsung variety. When the Japs had tossed in their last shell, only 15 of approximately 40 Marine fighter planes were flyable!

"'If those Japs had only known. . . .' the sergeant remarked wryly. But they didn't, and within 36 hours the sergeant and others like him had 35 of the Grummans ready for combat. The crisis was over.

"Their only tools were pliers, hammer, screwdriver, and Yankee ingenuity!

"But Bob never thinks of himself as a hero. He's too occupied with his own idea of a hero—Major Foss, of course. He knows the number of every plane the major ever flew. For instance, Old No. 33 was the one with all the bullet holes, and he ought to know. Didn't he patch her up enough times? . . .

"He remembers that five planes flown by Major Foss were so shot to shreds they were dismantled for spare parts. . . . 'Some were in such wretched shape when they came in,' he remarked, 'none

(*Continued on page 40*)



Soldiers of a railroad unit in Alaska, scattered along 500 miles of track, have a unique PX. It rolls around to them every two weeks on the tracks they maintain. Read about it on page 42

Thumb Fun

By CORPORAL HERBERT M. BAUS

Hitchhiking has saved many a man from getting busted in this man's Army, but sometimes its triumphs go sour unexpectedly. Then too it offers Adventure, as PFC Hoolihan found out . . .

BY THE hundreds and thousands, we soldiers have adopted hitchhiking as the cheapest and the best way to "get there," whether a few miles to the nearest town for a beer or from California to New York for a furlough.

Hitchhiking has grown by our mass usage into an important contemporary social phenomenon.

We hitchhiking service men do not feel that we're bumming or even borrowing. We are servants of the Republic. We appreciate transportation by a private citizen as a personal favor to which we are entitled because we're giving that citizen "so much for so little."

Hitchhiking is one of those unsanctioned popular customs practiced en masse, like drinking during prohibition. Only the thumbing is verboten. We shouldn't "solicit" rides, but we may "accept" them. Thus the Government precludes liability for both the accidents and the possible misdeeds of us uniformed hitchhikers.

A mere injunction against thumbs does not interfere with the travels of resourceful Yankee fighting men. We find other ways to woo rides. A good smile outweighs a big thumb.

Effective tactics that we can practice with both results and impunity include walking close to the traffic stream, eloquent glances with our eyes, cultivation of slight limps—or anything to win sympathy. A timely salute is useful when the customer is an officer.

There are lots of little things to remember. Hitchhike alone or at most with one partner. Carry a satchel to look like a substantial citizen-soldier. Avoid sloppy manifestations like letters or magazines in pockets. Don't smoke; particularly don't smoke cigars, at least until securely ensconced in somebody's automobile.

Watch hours and remember that the best time is early mornings. Then motorists are lonely and think they can assume that the soldier isn't drunk. When possible get out of camp before closing time to avoid mass competition. During rush hours people are in such haste to get to work on time or get away from it ahead of time that they won't bother to be generous. When caught in any traffic vortex, board a tram, taxi or bus.

Even in jams the American public can be generous. My friend, PFC Peter Pepper, learned that when dumped once at a busy intersection.

"Say, soldier," hailed a stranger, "why don't you take my streetcar pass? I'm finished with it anyway."

Before the first trolley came by a motorist picked up PFC Pepper. Before he had a chance to get that pass back out of his pocket once, PFC Pepper received three successive rides leading directly to his destination.

Signals and boulevard stops are strategical vantage points. Lonely stretches of highway are almost hopeless, particularly at night. Sometimes they're interesting, though. Sergeant Leo Wolfo and Tech Sergeant Ed Cielinski were being whizzed over the desert from a camp on the vast Desert Training Center of California and Arizona. On one of those Saharan stretches uninterrupted by even the ruin of a prewar gas station they were dumped at a dirt sideroad 50 miles from nowhere.

"There goes the last ride we shall ever get," Cielinski fretted.

Conversation was unhelpful. They sat on a hot rock. They melted beneath the glare of a sun that didn't care. Nothing happened, and probably wouldn't.

Then Sergeant Wolfo began desert daydreaming. "I can just see a big limousine looming with two gorgeous blondes in it. I can imagine it speeding us directly to our destination, with maybe a desirable delay en route."

"Shut up. Quit torturing us," muttered Sergeant Cielinski in realistic despair.

At that moment one of those huge old eight-passenger landboats of the Twenties highballed down the road. Cielinski thought how sometimes drivers with plenty of room in their cars have none in their hearts. The mirage-minded Wolfo immediately responded to the challenge.

He jumped up, waved his hands, yelled, "My dream girls! My dream



Often the big, sleek cars won't stop



The driver wants to impress his girl

Illustrated by CORPORAL H. E. KENNEDY

blondes in their dream car! Hurray! My dream ride has come true!"

He was heard. The car protested to a noisy stop. Cielinski looked up from his despond to observe two venerable white-haired blondes. Wolfo's dreamride had indeed materialized, without the delay en route.

We military knights of the road like the big, sleek cars but find that they often won't stop for the common flesh of a soldier.

Sometimes when a dilapidated jaloppy lurches, pants, chugs, smokes and knocks noisily down the highway we find it prudent to look the other way, hide behind a bush or pluck a clover from the grass until the offending vehicle goes by.

Corporal Charlie Chisum learned this the hard way. He accepted such a ride. Too late he noticed that his host was a white-bearded farmer with body frozen bolt upright behind the wheel. His arms



Two hours of mutilation for a ride

were two long, stiff pipes whose extremities gripped the wheel so tightly that his knuckles were white.

Being a little late, the corporal grew uncomfortable at Zeke's perilous pace of 20 miles per hour. Corporal Chisum diffidently ventured to his beanpole driver, "Boy, a lot of the cars are really stepping out today."

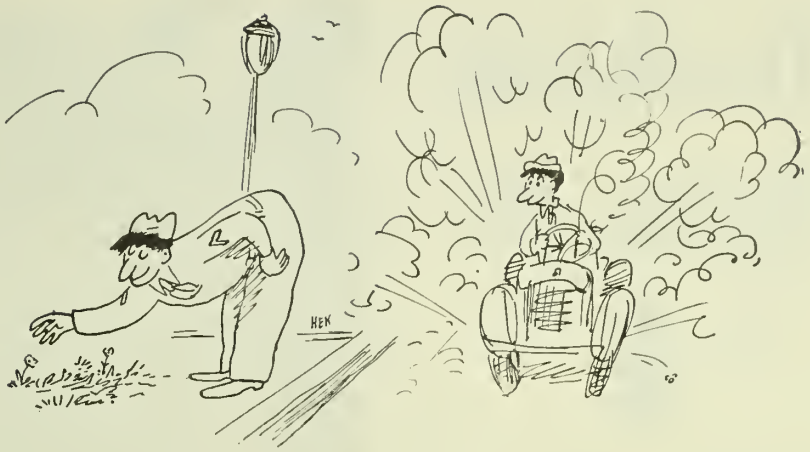
"Yep. It's danged fools they be," the testy Methuselah sputtered. "Waal, they goes awhizzin' by aiv'ry day. That thyar is all raight with me. Aiv'rybody aridin' in this hyar cyar is agoawin' 20 miles an hour, and that is that, by heck!"

Men driving alone are the best prospects for rides. Several times they have bought me a meal, a drink or a sandwich. Not unusual is the good fortune of one soldier who struck a bonanza when picked up by a single man near Los Angeles.

"What are you doing this week end?" quizzed the driver.

"Well, I've never been here before. I'd like to take in the town, I guess."

"How would you like to do it with me?"



Awfully busy when the jaloppy toots

The driver took my soldier friend to Earl Carroll's for dinner and the famous girl show. They covered many of Hollywood's noted night spots. At no cost to himself, the service man had all he could eat, drink and see.

Single girls usually pass up soldiers for fear of making the headlines. Older women often stop "to do their part" or seek tips as to how son Jimmie can get ahead in the Army. Middle-aged women in pairs will often stop and invariably chatter for the duration of the ride.

Two women once invited my friend, Private Abe Avitable, into the back seat of their car. They had already picked up another soldier. Private Avitable observed that the girl beside the driver was what he called a "choice morsel." He sensed a fragrant foursome. Before reconnoitering the driver, intent on her steering wheel, the private suggested to his chosen prospect, "Say, how would you like for us all to stop down the road and have a little drink?"

The sweet young thing turned to her companion. "Mother, would you mind if we accept that invitation?"

Man and wife will frequently stop, man and sweetheart almost never. An interesting exception is that cornfed adolescents in hopped-up Fords will often show off to their girls by picking up a soldier. Many a pimpled youth has stopped his mechanical grasshopper and jauntily invited me, "Hop in, bud. Meet Matilda. How's the war goin'? I'll be in the Air Corps myself in a few months. It ain't bad, eh? This is gonna be a tough world for us men."

Big families, often a bevy of big hearts, have a tendency to stop and squeeze the supplicating soldier into the last remaining square inch. At times that will lodge the warrior by the side of a chic under circumstances combining the maximum of temptation with the minimum of opportunity.

Some rides give to us soldiers an education about our national way of life. We never know when we'll be ushered into some back seat with chickens, rabbits, children too young to have restraint, clothes aromatically in need of cleaning, portable victory gardens including cacti, dogs in various stages of unwash, cats, trunks, and innumerable impedimenta of the American nomad.

I had my experience one day when isolated in the back seat with a young man of about four summers who couldn't

(*Continued on page 46*)



"I've a notion to slug you one, you puke!"

Trucking Rates Its E

By A. D. RATHBONE IV

The Story of a Magnificent Wartime Job



Trucking companies get the stuff to the point where the Army and the Navy want it in the continental U. S. A., no matter what the difficulties

WEARY, haggard, dust-begrimed, the truck driver clung tenaciously to the wheel of his huge Diesel-powered tractor. Behind him in the enormous trailer was food for soldiers —tons upon tons of it. It *must* get through, for 75,000 fighting men are in rapid action over a 10,000-square-mile area, and they've got to have food to keep going. And what an area! Larger than Sicily, it has its mountain ranges, its endless miles of desert wastes, and one river. It's hotter than "Blue-Billy-hell" in the daytime and bitterly cold in the pre-dawn hours. And every day the 45 pieces of trucking equipment on this assignment grind snarlingly up over the mountains and boil down through the alkali flats to bring in 210 tons of food and enough wet ice to protect it.

Beside the tired driver sits an army guide who, also, has been taking a beating. He climbed onto the tractor only after the driver had brought his load some 200 miles from the food supply base, but it is the guide's 24-hour-a-day job to see that each particular load gets to the particular truckhead to which it is assigned; from there smaller army trucks fan out with the food to many field kitchens. However, with all manner of combat units constantly on the move within this vast and rugged terrain, the guide and driver often literally must catch their destination point on the run, and there's always the possibility of meeting opposing forces.



A huge ten-wheel truck takes a "long Tom" and its crew over a mountainous section of the Road to Rome

Finally the long-sought truckhead is sighted, the ponderous tractor-trailer combination groans to a stop, bronzed and dusty soldiers swarm out of an arroyo where their own vehicles are hidden, and the transfer of food begins. Suddenly, dramatically, and with an attendant crescendo of racing motors, a heavily-armed mechanized patrol swirls out of the nowhere and a cloud of dust to surround the unloading crew and all the vehicles. The guide swears, the truck driver grins, and the men of the food detail cease their feverish activity.

"Okay, driver, climb down out of it," commands a burly sergeant of the attacking patrol. "This truck's ours now."

"G'wan—scram!" comes back the driver. "I ain't in on this business."

"Oh, yes you are! This here's captured equipment and we're impounding it for the next 24 hours."

"You are like hell! If you take me out of circulation, you army boys just won't eat tomorrow."

That was a clincher, for after all these were only mock battle maneuvers out in the great and arid "backyard" of Oregon, and the truck driver was a civilian, operating a civilian-owned vehicle. Although, during maneuvers, all supplies move through the rear to simulate true combat conditions, and although the sergeant could have impounded his prize, both "captors" and "captives" agreed the driver was a "non-belligerent" engaged in a service which, in this unusual instance, contributed to the welfare of both sides, so they let him go.

But whether it's mock battle or the real thing, Oregon's vast combat maneuver area or the plains and mountains of Iran; be it the Burma Road, the Alaskan Highway, or America's sprawling network of vehicular traffic lanes, the virile, irrepressible trucking industry is in this war with all its dynamic force, with every ounce of its seemingly inexhaustible energy, with its amazing ability to transport things when and where your Uncle Sam wants them, and with a patriotic zeal excelled by no other segment of American industry.

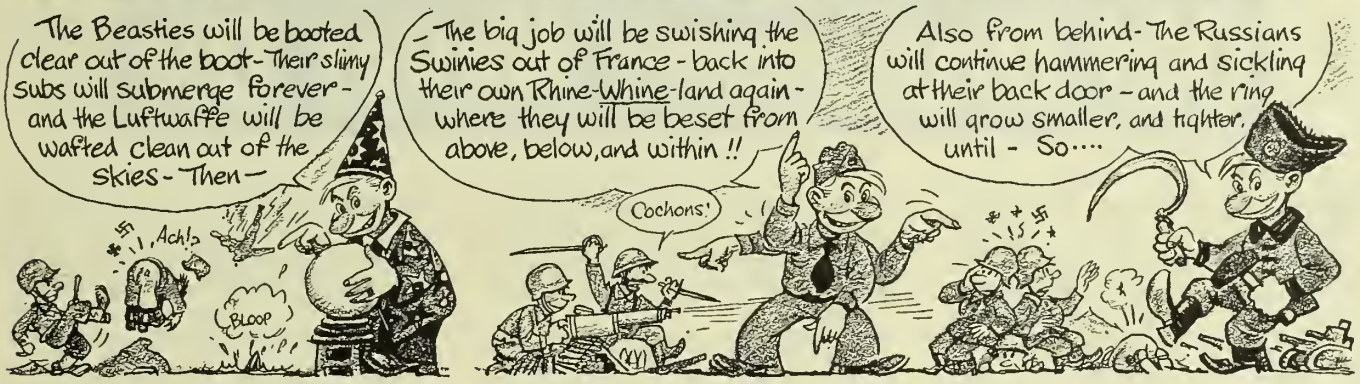
(*Continued on page 50*)

OUR ANNUAL SERMON — "HAPPY NEW YEAR!!"

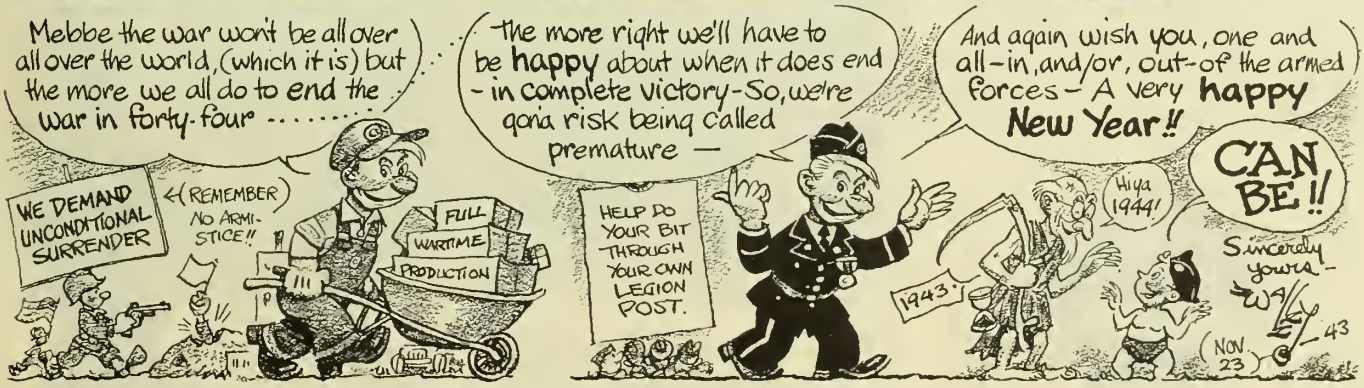
DELIVERED BY HOOSEGOW HERMAN (WITH APPROPRIATE GESTURES, AND SCENERY) FOR "OLE 4-F." MR. WALLGREN













The Indians of St. Paul, Minnesota, turn out in full war-dress for Legion and patriotic gatherings. They're Forty and Eight national champions, and have had twenty-two years of active service as a Legion outfit

Old Drummers Never Die

TIME was, and not so long ago, when parade day at a Legion National Convention was the nation's big show. Unfolding from feeder streets, the parade marched on and on through the principal streets of the convention city, marching all day and far into the night. Longest on record was that big parade on Fifth Avenue, New York City, in 1937 when the parade marched north in a continuous stream on the nation's most famous thoroughfare for a full eighteen hours —bands, drum and bugle corps, marching units, uniformed Legionnaires and Auxiliaries, Forty and Eighters, Eight and Forty and Sons of the Legion kept their ranks filled and lines moving until the early dawning of the day after the parade started.

Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, San Antonio, Miami, Cleveland, St. Louis, and many other cities have seen the same show, with variations, and in each city the street cleaners were put under the same strain. The day after the New York parade the whitewings picked up 22,000 tons of paper that had been showered down on the marchers from the tall buildings that line Fifth Avenue.

The impact of war has pressed heavily upon these hundreds of Legion musical and marching corps. Many have lost heavily of their personnel to the armed services and to war plants; many have suspended for the duration. But there are hundreds that are keeping on, waiting for the war to end, when infusion of new blood from the ranks of the veterans of the Second World War will again fill the corps to maximum strength. Then, on the return of happier days, we shall again see the great parades unfold, the lines filled with gayly-uniformed men and women playing lustily such old favorites as "Old soldiers never die, never die, never die; they simply fade away."

A case in point is the drum and bugle corps of St. Paul (Minnesota) Post, known from Maine to California as "The Indians." With twenty-two years of heavy service behind it, with its traditions of four wars, and in spite of the drain made upon its manpower reserve, it is still bravely holding on with an all-Legion membership of forty-two, and—as a corps—is doing its part to win the war.

The Indians are Legionnaires first—eleven of its forty-two members are Past Commanders and all of the members are active in Post work. Though pressed by individual obligations and war service, the corps made thirty-three appearances during the year ending November 1st, including attendance at the Department Convention at Faribault in August, and for all of the patriotic and civic demonstrations in its area.

The immense importance of a post drum and bugle corps cannot by any means be measured by its appearance in a National Convention parade. Rather, its community service—just the thing the surviving corps are doing now—justify the time, the cost, the worry and trouble expended by the sponsoring Post and the individual members. Honors are won at conventions and in competitions; the real service is performed in the home community and State, where the Legion corps have given so freely of time and effort. A lot of good things can and should be said about these musical outfits, most of which have served as pepper-uppers of public as well as Legion morale.

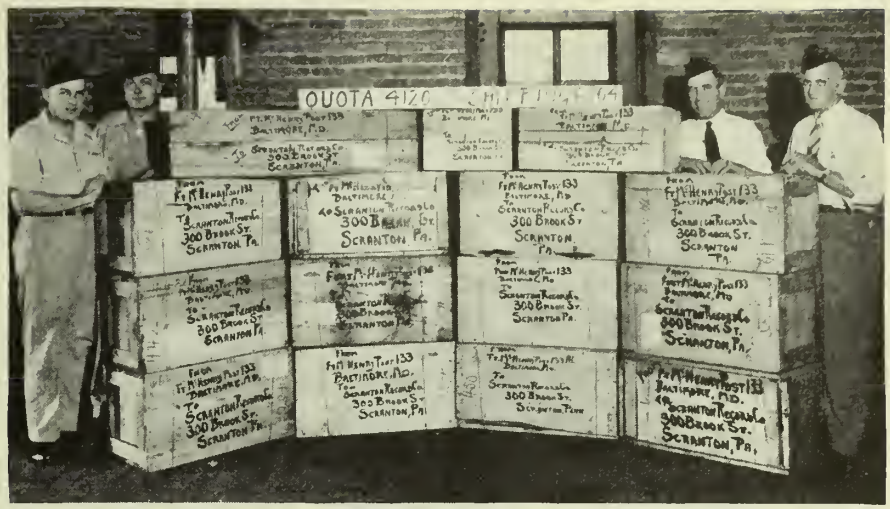


But to get back

AMERICAN LEGION KEEPING STEP U.S.

to the Indians. That outfit has won its share of honors, too—honors worn proudly, to become a part of the tradition of the younger men who will fill the ranks as the rheumatic old knees of the First World War vets refuse to take the long pulls, or the lips of the windjammers become too stiff to coax sweet melody from the bugles. Organized on November 7, 1921, the Indians—of course the outfit had not taken the name or dress of the first Americans then—won their first honors at the 1922 Department Convention at Virginia when it turned out in Army O. D. uniforms and came out first. Successfully defending that championship in 1923 and 1924, it lost first place in 1925, but made a come-back for the top department honors in 1926 and 1927. The corps has not missed a Department Convention since it was organized, and has a record of twenty-two attendances in a row. The Indians have not done so badly in National Convention attendance; marched in the St. Paul National Convention parade in 1924; won second place in the national competition at Omaha in 1925; dropped to fourth place at Philadelphia in 1926, and though the corps was in attendance at Louisville in 1929 it did not enter the competition.

Tradition of the Civil War of the 1860's was given the corps in the person of its first drum instructor, Sam Badger, who had served through that conflict as a drummer boy in the 1st Minnesota Infantry. That old warrior kept the drummers eternally at practice on synthetic drums—or ersatz, if the word fits better—made of pads the size of a drumhead fastened on long boards. The buglers, using army regulation bugles, tooted away all winter and it was not until Memorial Day of 1922 that the directors permitted the outfit to appear in a public parade.



Fort McHenry Post of Baltimore, Maryland, made another record in its record-collecting campaign—and won another national citation

From 1921 until 1934 the headache band had operated strictly as a drum and bugle corps, and confined itself strictly to drum and bugle corps music. It had plenty of push, pep and vigor, but was not too well equipped. Then, in 1934, Adolph Bremer, president of the Schmidt Brewery, offered to care for some of the pressing needs as a sort of co-sponsor—and then the fellows did go to town. The musical program was expanded to a wide selection of popular, light opera and old-time tunes as new equipment was added. Snare, tenor and bass drums, glockenspiels, cymbals, trombones and valve trumpets became a part of the standard equipment.

In 1935, National Convention attendance was resumed at St. Louis. The corps was at Cleveland in 1936, New York in 1937 when it first appeared in its striking American Indian dress; Los Angeles in 1938; Chicago in 1939; Boston in 1940, and Milwaukee in 1941. At Chicago, Boston and Milwaukee, three years in succession, the Indians won top honors as the champion Forty and Eight corps—an honor it still holds and will hold until competitions are resumed.

More Records

CAN any one tell us what great event occurred at Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, on the morning of September 14, 1814? Sure, Mike! It was there that Francis Scott Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," our national anthem, almost as much revered as is the flag itself.

Fort McHenry Post of The American Legion is alive to the tradition of its hallowed namesake, and in its Legion program and war effort is doing its bit to keep our flag flying. An instance of its activity is found in the campaign for the collection of old phonograph records made to provide material for new records to be sent to men on the fighting lines. The Post, says Adjutant William R. Allen, was given a quota of 4,120 records; it collected and shipped 6,304 to the receiving depot at Scranton, Pennsylvania, duplicating its feat in 1942 when the Post was cited for being the only Maryland unit to reach its quota within the prescribed time limits.

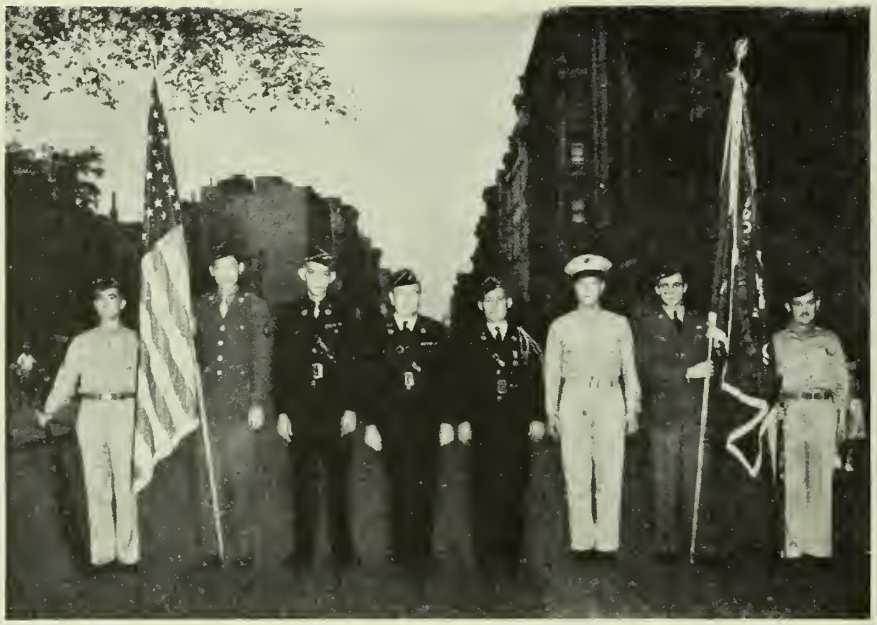
Fort McHenry Post is a youngster. It was organized in 1937 with twenty charter members, but has now grown to 206. An old church was purchased and remodeled to make a splendid club house.



Supporting the visual education program in the public schools of its home city, Bridgeport (Ohio) Post gave its schools sound projector equipment

Sound Projector

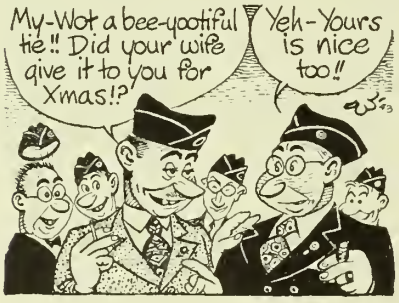
A COMPLETE sound projector for both auditorium and classroom was the gift of Bridgeport (Ohio) Post to the public school system in its home city—a contribution that will benefit every child in the district, and will materially advance the visual education project in regular classroom work, and



East Side Post of New York City puts its new members to work as soon as they join up. A color guard of new war veterans is one of its activities

of giving general information about current events in the auditorium. The presentation was made by Commander Tom Ochsenbein to C. H. Ross, Superintendent of Schools, at a ceremony held at the Legion home on October 17.

The Legionnaires gathered for the picture on page 29 are, left to right,



E. W. Bertran, Commander Tom Ochsenbein, John Wilson, School Superintendent C. H. Ross, William Lenz, Harris Schrader, Past Commander Philip Lenz, Lawrence Michael, Vice Commander Lee Bannan, Robert Hurd, Trustee James Gretzinger, Past Commander William Fell, Floyd Richardson, George Lacock, Adjutant W. H. Windscheimer, Trustee Melvin Delbrugge, and Past Commander H. E. Tucker.

New Vet Color Guard

LEADING off in a program of participation of veterans of the Second World War in Post affairs, East Side Post of New York City has organized a color guard composed of young men who have served in the current war. A new set of colors were purchased for use of the new guard drawn from more than forty young men who have affiliated themselves with the Post.

In its personnel, the color guard is truly representative of a cross-section of the American fighting forces of today, and of its Post, whose members are drawn from an area in which are living men of nearly all the racial groups that go to make America. Reading from left to right in the picture on this page are Legionnaires Robert Rosenthal and Wah Sun Lou, Commander Phil Reuling, New York County Commander Stephen H. Kearns, Vice Commander Anthony Letini, Marine Private Letini, and Legionnaires Dominic Hakjo and Louis F. Klarich.

Carnegie Medal

ON his forty-seventh birthday—March 5, 1943—August C. Hennig of Maywood, Illinois, a Chicago suburb, at the risk of his life pulled a sixteen-year-old boy out of the way of a speeding express train. On October 30, in the presence of Dick Rasmussen, whose life he had saved, then a school boy now a seaman in Uncle Sam's Navy, Hennig was given a bronze life-saving medal by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. Legionnaire Hennig is a Past Commander of Chicago Board of Trade Post and for the past eighteen years has served as its Service Officer.

Legion Sells Bonds

CITING a few typical Bond selling campaigns conducted by organized groups in New York City during the Third War Loan drive, the War Finance Committee announces that the Civil Service workers employed by the city lead with a total sales of $7,867,396. The American Legion was close on the heels of the Civil Service lads with registered sales amounting to $7,297,236,



and with the Society of Restaurateurs running third with $1,561,174. The Veterans of Foreign Wars' recorded sales amounted to $1,075,500.

Death Record

PAST Commander Oliver T. Delingham of Van Buren Post of Chicago, Illinois, has compiled a complete list of

(*Continued on page 37*)



A giant four-motored Flying Fortress sent to the fighting front, paid for out of War Bond sales made by Community Post of Culver City, California



Full color reprints of this illustration will be sent free on request

"... and I often think of Elm Street"

"... I'm a long way from home out here, and when I'm alone at night, Dad, I often think of Elm Street with its big trees, its neat houses, the church bells on Sunday morning. It's the peace and freedom and decency of it all that gets under my skin—and it makes me a bit homesick now and then.

"There's nothing like Elm Street over here—and never will be till these folks change their system.

"The trouble lies with the men who rule—and with the people who let them get away with it.

"Over here the wrong men have been running things too long. They have been crazy with power. They gradually took over more and more, and when the people finally woke up—it was too late. These folks can't throw out their officials the way we can. They have to have a war to get rid of their so-called 'new order'.

"Thank God we can still put the men we want into office—and throw them out again—with ballots instead of bullets.

"This mess is a fine example of what dictatorship and regimentation can do when they really get going. And talk about bureaucrats—you ought to see what the ones over here are doing to what we call 'the common people.' You can't do anything on your own. You just take orders—and like it.

"We ordinary folks at home always had a feeling of independence and self respect. You and Mom were always looking ahead to *better* things—for yourselves and for us kids. That sort of thing is missing here, Dad—and I think it's the result of years of being pushed around. These folks have been told what to do and when and how to do it for so long that they don't know anything else. They've forgotten how to think for themselves.

"Don't let this system get a toe hold at home, Dad. It's bad stuff. And the trouble is, it sneaks up on you. You don't realize that it's got you till it's almost too late.

"I think most ordinary Americans are just like us—plain, practical, hard working, thrifty people—blessed with a lot of good common sense. Most of us aren't very strong for fancy political theories. We know by experience that the American way of getting things done, even with its short-comings, has brought more real happiness, prosperity, progress, education, health and general good to more people than any other system in the world.

"And that's something to think about..."

★ ★ ★

Millions of American boys in the armed services are doing a lot of thinking. They are writing home anxiously these days. Many of them are worried—wondering what is happening to America while they are away. They realize now, more than ever, what real freedom means—and we at home must guard it for them as well as for ourselves.

BUY
WAR BONDS
AND
STAMPS

REPUBLIC STEEL
PRODUCTION FOR VICTORY

REPUBLIC STEEL

GENERAL OFFICES: CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

Export Department: Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York

ALLOY, CARBON, STAINLESS STEELS • COLD FINISHED STEELS • PLATES • BARS
SHAPES • STRIP • SHEETS • PIPE • TUBING • TIN PLATE • NUTS • BOLTS • RIVETS
NAILS • PIG IRON • FARM FENCE • WIRE • FABRICATED STEEL PRODUCTS

THE BONER

(*Continued from page 9*)

up there in my jeep. We hit a rut in the road and the general bounced half out, but when I slowed down, he yelled, "Dammit, Sergeant, can't you drive any faster?"

We got right up to where our infantry was crouched and waiting, right up there where the land began to slope upward to the enemy-held hill.

The general said, "How is it, boys?"

"They've beaten us off four times," a perspiring colonel answered. "They're pretty well dug in, sir."

The general looked at me. "Sergeant, we'll give the jeep a rest. Let's have a look."

"But, sir," the colonel protested, "it's dangerous up there."

"Wars are funny that way," the general said, and you could see the way the men were loving him for saying it. "Are you coming up with me, Sergeant?"

We crawled up the slope on our bellies. We kept getting higher and higher and now and then a sniper would peck away at us and we would have to hunt for cover.

Suddenly, I felt myself stiffening. I grabbed the general's arm and pointed frantically to our left. "The Jerries," I whispered. "I can hear them talking."

"I'll have a look," the general said. "You'd better stay here, Sergeant."

Me, dammit, I could have brained him for taking chances, but I'd learned that it was no use trying to stop him. I lay there in puddles of my own nervous sweat and watched him crawl around a boulder. A lot of Jerries began to shout and one of them yelled, in guttural English, "Good afternoon, General. It is a pleasure. . ."

So there it was. I saw the general stand up and hold his hands aloft, saw the Jerries surround him and disarm him. They were so excited at the capture of a general that I got up and ran downhill without drawing a shot.

Down below, the officers were already talking about it. They'd seen it through their glasses. "Of all the dumbbell tricks," a colonel muttered. "Walked into it like a rookie. . ."

With the men, it was different. They had a tight, angry look about their eyes. And when dusk came and they got the order to attack, they went helling up the side of that slope and I just sat there in my jeep thinking what a whale of a sight it was. The second wave went over and the next waves went around the flanks and within an hour we had the hill and the prisoners were starting to come in.

At midnight, a couple of guys came walking in with the general. He looked embarrassed, kind of. He didn't say anything as I drove him back to Headquarters. The two- and three-star guys were paying off their bets when we arrived.

"Lucky you," a three-star guy grinned. "If we hadn't taken that hill, General, you'd have spent the rest of the war in a German prison camp."

That was only a sample. The general took an awful razzing. He'd pulled a boner and it was going to take a lot of living for him to live it down. He didn't say much. He just shrugged it off and I felt plenty sorry for him.

Finally, the general yawned. "Sergeant, drive me over to the shack. I'm sleepy."

"Pleasant dreams," somebody yelled, and then everyone was laughing again.

I'd driven half way to the shack when it struck me. I stopped the jeep. I looked at the general. "Sir," I said, "no guy could be that dumb. You got yourself captured on purpose. You knew it would make the men mad. You knew they'd hit the Jerries so fast you'd probably be recaptured before they could send you back of their lines. You took an awful razzing back there when you didn't have to."

The general looked straight ahead. He looked very stern. "Sergeant, do you like to drive this jeep for me?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then drive it and keep your big mouth shut, Sergeant!"

"Yes, *sir!*" I said.

AFTER V-DAY: JOBS

(*Continued from page 13*)

adding to it, to make a place for one or two or eight people who will be coming back from our armed services or from our war plants.

If each of us, operating on a small scale, should succeed in so shaping his own activity as to maintain his own job and buying power and in addition should find places for our share of the people whose jobs must change when the war is over, General Electric, General Motors and the rest of the big boys won't need to do any planning at all. We shall automatically make for them more business than they can handle.

There is no question that the Government should be planning for proper government activities. States should be doing state planning, and municipalities should be planning the things that they may be able to do. There is also no doubt about the fact that business should be planning for jobs. If we don't have non-governmental jobs, plenty of them, national, state and municipal jobs must fail.

There is a school of thought which undertakes to dodge individual responsibility in these matters. I have in mind a bit of philosophy from the head of a very large manufacturing corporation. He does not intend to go out of his way to make his own company contribute to the general welfare. If I were a stock-market speculator, I would sell his stocks short, because here's a man with the wrong idea. Listen to what he says:

"It is pure hypocrisy to assume that



business enterprises are charitable institutions formed for the purpose of promoting the general welfare. Let's be candid and admit that in the economic sphere the ruling principle is and should be selfishness. When everybody looks out for himself, the general welfare is promoted as a by-product."

Now, I believe what he says is in the main true: When everybody looks out for himself, the general welfare will be promoted. My complaint against the gentleman is that when he said it, he was trying to separate himself from the direct purpose of contributing to the general welfare. If he continues in that attitude, he will miss a lot of opportunities for his company.

His company should be looking for new gadgets to make, and should be striving to provide those gadgets at lower prices in order to get more customers, not only because of the profit motive, but because of the additional urge that wider distribution of gadgets will provide more jobs. We believe in the profit motive, but we also believe strongly in doing jobs that need to be done.

Right now a good way to help is to make a manufacturer who gets the

Today, as for the past hundred years, men enjoy the mellow goodness of this famous whiskey.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW



At this peaceful-looking Old Crow distillery, only alcohol for war purposes is now being produced. The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.



There is in Old Crow a matchless quality and taste which only rigid adherence to time-honored methods and standards can preserve

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Bottled-in-Bond

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof • Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old

Army-Navy E feel that the people of his community appreciate the fact that such an award indicates he is doing an outstanding job of providing the tools for victory. Similarly, when a workman furnishes an idea which helps to speed the weapons to our fighting men and those of our Allies, the Legion Post and his community generally ought to do him honor.

Let us see what business is. Let us see how it succeeds and, therefore, how one can best look out for himself. Business is the means by which we exchange goods and services with one another. Whether it be public or private business, that is its function. It is successful when each of us can get what he wants, when he wants it and as he wants it. That means business is performing its function when it provides a market in which each one of us may trade our energy on a fair exchange basis for the product and energy of others.

The function of business, then, is threefold: First, to find out what people want done and find someone to do it; second, to find out what someone can do and then find people who want it; or if those two don't work, third, to do a little advertising and promoting and find a market for the goods or services you have to offer. In sum, it is the finding out what someone can do (or can be taught to do), the discovery of what someone else may want (or can be induced to want), and somehow bring the two together.

On the receiving end of the transaction we have a customer, on the giving end we have a job. If you don't have a job, you can't be a customer. If you can't find a customer, you don't have a job. That is how we arrive at the idea that jobs are basic to the whole situation.

Now, whether you be the man with a job, the man with a small business, or the man with a large business, your problem is the same. The one activity which has the greatest cash value today is that which results in developing something new to make, something new to do or making existing goods and services available for more people. Under the American system of competitive individual enterprise, the man who does that is sure to be paid, and paid well. To that extent we can agree with our friend who says that the man who looks after himself promotes the general welfare.

However, when he says that business isn't a charitable institution, he misses part of the point. When jobs are scarce, there is an extra premium for the fellow who can think of something new to do or who can find a wider market for the thing people already are doing. Therefore, if we as individuals take the attitude of trying hardest when our services are needed most, that, indeed, will give us the opportunity for the greatest individual profit.

Thousands of things are presented in the course of a year to the Government's Patent Office, and most of them never get into production. But those which make the grade very often provide a great many jobs and thereby promote the general welfare.

But there is a negative side to it, too. The mere fact that you and I have a place in business, whether it be a job or control of a small business or a large business, puts on us the obligation to make business work to produce the thing which people depend upon business for. That thing is jobs —steady jobs. If we don't make business function that way—if that is not our definite purpose—we shall find that in bad times fewer and fewer of us have jobs ourselves, and the jobs that are available won't pay off so well. That will cause us to turn to all sorts of un-American devices—controls, regulations, boondoggling and every un-American procedure to which distress can drive us.

As long, then, as The American Legion believes in the essential American liberties, the Legion will believe that each one must have a job opportunity, and that each of us must live and plan his life in such a way as to make the other fellow's job more secure.

REFLECTIONS OF A RETREAD

(Continued from page 16)

that American women should want to protect all this? Again I say, "Is protecting one's own home only a man's job?"

This is Sunday; I shall be on duty all day. As I sit here in Atlanta, Georgia writing this I am reminded that exactly one year ago today and at this very hour in Fort Des Moines, Iowa, I was commissioned a third officer in the WAAC, as we were then designated. Since then I have gone a long way as a recruiter. I wish I knew how many thousands of miles I have traveled; how many good folks I have spoken to, and to how many fine women I have administered the oath. I like to think of these women as "my girls", and scarcely a week goes by without bringing me letters from some of them. Many of them are carrying out assignments overseas. They all seem to feel toward their recruiting officers, much as we felt toward our first school teachers. They write of their duties, their fun, their gripes, that company commander of whom they are so fond, the colonel for whom they drive, and other things. They tell me, too. of their promotions and many times of their romances. Last week one wrote asking for advice before becoming engaged. Yes, they truly are "my girls."

Buddies, you know we recruiters are called "unsung heroes." Well, perhaps we are. Now that I have been relieved from recruiting duties I like to feel that way. Recruiting is far from being that glamorous detail most people would have it.

In the WAC, it is she who looks the women of America in the eye and thinks, "Sister, for mercy sake, for the sake of womanhood, come on with us. Can't you see we need you right now?" And so, come rain or shine, also come recruiters.

Frankly, I often wonder why we need recruiting. I can think of so many reasons why women with no dependents should be with the WAC. I remember that boy who lived up the street. He isn't there any more. The last his mother heard he was on Bataan.

Yet, she has hopes. And, there is that lieutenant in the Navy. His wife had a baby last week while he was out on that dark, deep water protecting his home.

We of the Women's Army Corps and those of the other uniformed services realize we are not the only patriots of our sex. We realize there are thousands of women in the United States who struggle to rear their families in these most difficult times. There are others who spend long, weary hours working in USO clubs, in canteens, in hospitals and in other places. There are the women of the Motor Corps and so many others. All these keep the home fires burning. They are the backbone of our nation and to them I offer a big salute.

As the casualty lists grow larger and larger and the call upon manpower grows more frequent, we women of the various services clasp hands tightly together and hang on.

The Women's Army Corps is new, yes, and like all other things which came into being and grew rapidly, we suffered growing pains. We have been attacked by stagnant minds, haven't we? Well, we can take it.

The WAC will endure in history long after the dust of war has settled, because it is made up of American women who can and will take it on the chin. I can think of no place where one sees more action. We go places, do real things, and move on and on.

In a preceding paragraph I wrote that I was in Atlanta, Georgia. Well, I was, but this is a week later and here I am sitting on my bunk in Daytona Beach, Florida. It is Saturday afternoon. I wish I could explain to you exactly how I feel at this moment. Overhead we hear the hum of many plane motors, while outside a WAC company is passing,

(Continued on page 37)

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT



THE GAS YOU SAVE HELPS KEEP 'EM FLYING

Every car owner can help to keep 'em flying . . . by saving gasoline. And you may increase your gas mileage as much as 12% with Auto-Lite's "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service, according to tests conducted by the American Automobile Association.

As simple an operation as cleaning and regapping your present spark plugs may be all that is necessary to help you stop gas waste.

Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today — the service offered exclusively by Auto-Lite spark plug dealers. And if new plugs are needed, insist on Auto-Lite—the spark plug that is ignition engineered for better performance.



FREE OFFER!

Legion posts can secure copies of this new "Pin-up" Edition of "Mountain Boys" Cartoons by writing us on their letterhead.

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BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS

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View of the State House (now Independence Hall) as it appeared circa 1800 *

PHILADELPHIA
Birthplace of Hospitality



86.8 Proof
65% Grain
eutral Spirits



"The gentlemen of the Army present their compliments to Miss Sally Wynne and beg the favour of her company to a ball at the State House on Monday next. Saturday, Deeember 22, 1755."

Time rolls back the curtain of two centuries. The State House stands magnificent in its winter setting, as sedan chairs and chaises deliver the elite of Colonial society. In the assembly hall the gleam of a thousand tapers is reflected from crystal chandeliers. Lively shadows play over the exquisite panelling, as pompadoured belles and gaily caparisoned officers dance to the minuet. Such is Philadelphia's "Heritage of Hospitality". A tradition today upheld by Philadelphia Blend, a magnificent whisky—ordinarily reserved for special occasions, yet one you can enjoy—regularly and often.

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

REFLECTIONS OF A RETREAD

(*Continued from page 34*)

singing "Hand me down my silver trumpet, Gabriel." They sing it very well. It is their cadence. Now in come several of the younger girls. They are quick and full of smiles and very pretty, and as I look up at them from this machine I say to myself, "God bless them all." I am afraid I am still an old recruiter. These girls will launder some clothing. They will write home. They will prepare lessons and on Monday, their basic training over, they will go their several ways.

MANY ask me why I enlisted. Well, frankly, I can think of no word except patriotism. That seems to cover it. I couldn't sit on the sidelines. Oh no, we of the WAC must be a part of it. When our men come marching home, so too will the women. We will return together for we too will see it through. We women will stand behind your husbands and brothers. We will not let them down. If they can wade in anguish over there, if they can go down in submarines and up in planes, if they can man the tanks and guns and carry our flags in battle, by golly we of the WAC can well afford to disturb our private world to take our humble places behind them.

We of the WAC love our homes too. We miss our families, as well as other things we cherish. But, we are in this thing to see it through. So, buddies, this old recruiter says to you: Send us more women—send them now. Tell them we are together looking upward and going forward with faith.

I realize as I write this that I have said little in these reflections about my service in the last war. Some of you who read this were also Yeomen (f). You will remember the good ship "280 Broadway in New York City." Ah, me, as I close my eyes and meditate I see before me people and things, parades and more people. I hear those old songs of World War I, yet unequaled. I live again those two Armistice Days.

Ah me, buddies, do I remember! There were the boys as they came home, the tears and smiles. And there was our satisfaction. Remember the way you felt when it was over? When we get together in our Legion uniforms, and when we parade, don't you still feel proud that you were in service for God and country? And, when we have our reunions and re-live those days in service, is there not something between us that no one can describe?

I love the Women's Army Corps. It is real. I wish for you all to know it better and I ask that you send us your women. We are grateful to the Legion and to the Legion Auxiliary for the help they have given us. I should also like to acknowledge the assistance given us by the Women's Overseas Service League. To them and to all the women of America, this old recruiter says, "Help us carry on."



Private Ruby Newell, in WAC training at Daytona Beach, Florida, peels spuds while on K. P.

OLD DRUMMERS NEVER DIE

(*Continued from page 30*)

the members of the Post who have passed on, together with date of death and place of burial. Included in that list is Sergeant Edward F. Younger, known to fame as the sergeant who selected the Unknown Soldier for burial in the shrine at Arlington National Cemetery, who died on August 6, 1942, and is buried in Arlington near the tomb of the Unknown. A total of seventy-two members are listed, with burial places scattered across the continent from Brockton, Massachusetts, to Los Angeles, California.

Initiation

THE first public initiation of veterans of the Second World War by Harold Byrd Post of Decatur, Georgia, was staged before a crowd that jammed the courtroom of the DeKalb County Court House on the evening of September 10th, writes Commander R. K. Whiteford. The class included Carroll A. Voight, Virgil Hopkins, Jr., George W. Stovall, R. S. Laurens (holder of the Purple Heart), Burton Hazelrigs, Hugh D. Nash, Jack Cowan, Thomas Barnett, Fred S. Dale, Angelo Crantos and Don T. Collier.

The Atlanta *Journal* told of the affair in its edition of Sunday, September 12, "and on the following day," continues Commander Whiteford, "I received renewal dues from 26 members by mail."

Troop Train Service

LEGIONNAIRES of Shawnee, Oklahoma, have established a depot to care for service men passing through on troop trains and for other transients, whether traveling under orders or on furlough, that has won nation-wide recognition in service circles. In addition to other services, more than two carloads



of magazines have been handed out to men passing through since the depot was organized last November, reports District Commander John P. Arnold.

Sponsored by the Legion, the project has the full coöperation of a half dozen other civic groups, and each group furnishes manpower to keep the depot working seven days a week. Sometimes three or four troop trains of from five to twenty coaches, sixty to a coach, are serviced in one day. The men are pleased to get the items handed out by the workers, but according to Commander Arnold, magazines and playing cards are snapped up eagerly as the things most desired to break the tedium of travel in crowded cars. Thank-you letters have been received from service men from dozens of distant points.

New Name

JOHN RAYMOND CANFIELD POST of Cedar Grove, New Jersey, has by formal vote changed its name to Canfield-Chase Post, thus honoring the first men of Cedar Grove to lay down their lives in the first and second World Wars. The Post has borne the name of John Raymond Canfield for a quarter of a century and now, with the admission of the veterans of the current war, the name of Sergeant John E. Chase, who gave his life in this war, has been added. Adjutant G. Budd Meade, Jr., reports that Canfield-Chase Post is the first in New Jersey to so honor a comrade of the war now raging.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Announcing an important POST-WAR



AMONG AMERICANS today, there is a single aim and a single, overwhelming purpose: *Victory, final and complete.*

The end of the war is not yet in sight. No one knows how long its costly course will run. But its outcome, at last, is certain and inevitable... *Victory will surely be ours.*

And yet even Victory, itself, will bring a new crisis and a new challenge to America... *a challenge which we must be ready to meet*... Post-War Employment.

Providing jobs for the millions of men and women now serving in the Army, Navy, Marines, and the Coast Guard ...providing new kinds of work for all the others now employed in war industries.

In recognition

of the critical importance of the Post-War Employment problem; to stimulate intelligent planning for the lives and the futures of Americans everywhere; to foster and encourage constructive thinking for the fullest measure of employment after Victory... *Pabst Post-War Employment Awards have been established.*

Their purpose is to provoke mature and responsible discussion and to develop and assemble *practical and workable* plans and ideas for meeting one of the greatest single problems of the peace to come... and to make these plans available for the benefit of all Americans.

The Awards

will be made by the following Board of Judges:

CLARENCE DYKSTRA
President, University of Wisconsin

WESLEY C. MITCHELL
Professor of Economics, Columbia University

BEARDSLEY RUML
Chairman, Federal Reserve Bank of New York

A. F. WHITNEY
President, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen

SEVENTEEN AWARDS TOTALING $50,000 WILL BE MADE AS FOLLOWS.

A First Award of $25,000
(Purchase Price) in United States War Bonds

A Second Award of $10,000
(Purchase Price) in United States War Bonds

Fifteen Additional Awards of $1,000
(Purchase Price) each in United States War Bonds

Winners will have the privilege of naming the particular series of United States War Bonds they prefer.

Members of the faculty of the Economics Department of Columbia University will serve as consultants to the judges, and will also assist the judges in supervising preliminary judging to select those entries which merit consideration by the Board of Judges.

Pabst Post-War Employment Awards

will be paid by Pabst Brewing Company of Milwaukee, Wis., and Peoria, Ill., in observance of the 100th Anniversary* of the founding of its business, in the hope and belief that the offering of these Awards will encourage the American people to give serious thought to a problem which is vital to the future of our Country.

The judging of entries and all related matters will be completely independent of Pabst Brewing Company. The administrative details will be handled by the Pabst Post-War Employment Awards Committee, under the supervision of George V. Denny, Jr., Moderator, America's Town Meeting of the Air.

**Since 1844, the Pabst Breweries have grown and prospered under the American democratic system. We are grateful for our success and would like to do our share in searching out solutions to the problems which will face our nation; so that all of us may continue to live in a prosperous, peaceful, active and advancing country.*

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

series of Awards for EMPLOYMENT PLANS

Submissions

must be mailed not later than February 7, 1944.

Manuscripts submitted should present *a workable and practical basis for the solution of the broad problems of Post-War Employment in America.*

The Awards are to be made solely on the basis of the value of the plans presented . . . not on literary merit.

After the winners have been announced, copies of the winning plans will be turned over to responsible officials of the Government. In addition, copies will be made available for study by any other agency—public or private—which concerns itself with the problems of Post-War Employment.

The Rules

of the competition are as follows:

1. Every citizen of the United States of America, including members of the Armed Forces at home and abroad, is eligible to compete for the Awards, except officers or employees of Pabst Brewing Company or its subsidiaries, or its advertising agency, instructors, administrators or students in the Economics Department of Columbia University. Likewise, no member of the immediate family of any of these groups is eligible.

2. Each entrant shall submit his own plan for stimulating Post-War Employment in the United States. Each plan shall be stated in not to exceed 2,000 words. The plan may be supported by such additional material as the entrant may decide to furnish.

3. All manuscripts must be written in English on one side of the paper, preferably by typewriter. Illegible entries will be given no consideration. Each manuscript must bear the entrant's signature, his home address, and normal occupation. However, during the final judging, entries will be identified by numbers only.

   If an entry is submitted jointly by more than one person, the signature, home address and normal occupation of each of the persons must be given, and if such manuscript wins a prize the amount of the prize will be divided equally among those persons.

4. By submitting an entry in this competition, the entrant agrees to be bound by all of the provisions of these rules.

   All manuscripts and plans submitted shall become the property of Pabst Brewing Company, which shall have the right to publish the manuscript and author's name, but not to the exclusion of the author. No manuscripts will be returned.

5. *Entries will be judged on the basis of the practical contribution they offer to Post-War Employment in the United States and not on literary merit.*

6. Prizes, as listed elsewhere in this announcement, will be awarded as determined by the Board of Judges. The decisions of a majority of the judges shall constitute and be the decisions of the Board of Judges and shall be final, conclusive and binding upon all persons entering upon the competition.

   If the Board of Judges shall determine that two entries are tied for a particular award, each of the two entries will receive the full amount of that award. In the event of the death, resignation, inability or refusal to act of any one or more of the judges, the remaining judges may but shall not be required to select a successor or successors to fill any such vacancy.

7. Entries, to be eligible for consideration, must be mailed and postmarked not later than midnight, February 7, 1944, and, regardless of postmark, must be received not later than March 27, 1944. Neither Pabst Brewing Company nor anyone connected with the competition will be responsible for entries delayed, damaged, undelivered or lost. Address and mail entries to:

   Pabst Post-War Employment Awards
   551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York

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   Announcement of winners will be made on April 12, 1944, or as soon thereafter as judging can be completed.

8. The Board of Judges shall have the right to require any entrant to furnish satisfactory proof that he is the author of the manuscript and plan submitted by him.

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PABST POST-WAR EMPLOYMENT AWARDS

551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

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WHAT'S MY NAME?

(*Continued from page 23*)

of us thought they'd ever fly again. But we fixed 'em, and they flew 'em.' "

To which account, *The Cleveland Press* added:

"Sergeant Lucal, who kept Major Joe Foss flying, never did anything of mechanical value around the house. 'Why, when he was home, he couldn't even repair my vacuum cleaner,' laughed his mother, Mrs. Margaret Lucal. . . 'The only time he had his fingers in grease was during his second year at Willoughby High School when he spent some time at Western Reserve Academy putting automobile engines together.'

"Mrs. Lucal, a nurse at the Ohio Rubber Company, served as an Army nurse in France during the last war. She said her son started out to be a gunner in the Marines, but he was too tall. . . .

"Sergeant Lucal enlisted with the Marines in October, 1941, and went overseas in August, 1942.

"His father, J. J. Lucal, who works in Detroit, served with the 308th Field Signal Battalion in the First World War."

Legionnaire Mary McHale informs us that the two Leathernecks with Bob Lucal in the photograph which shows them doing a repair job on a propellor hub, are Eugene A. Gentile, on the left and William H. Haviden, on the right—both of Cleveland.

TOP KICKS may be infallible—to hear 'em tell it—but not so with Company Clerks! And pity the poor Company Clerk, when he pulls a boner. We, as the so-called Company Clerk of Then and Now, speak from sad experience. Those old vets of the First World War were hawk-eyed in catching errors in our columns, although now and then we'd pull a fast one and credit a certain regiment or other unit to the wrong Division just to see how alert they were. They were!

Well, your young gang seems to be right on its toes, too—although this time your Company Clerk has an out. The error was not his, but he was glad to be told of it in a letter from John R. Hillinger, S 1/c, who wrote on Red Cross stationery from the Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, Illinois. Seaman Hillinger, and rightly so, puts in an oar for his own branch of service, the Seabees, as follows:

"In your new department, titled 'Come On, You G. I.'s and Mac's' in the November issue of the Legion magazine, you used a picture of the 'Tojo Ice Co.' It had this caption: 'Even the toughest fighting can't down the American sense of humor. In the Solomons, Marines take over an ice plant installed by the defeated Japs.'

"The three men in the picture are members of the two companies of Seabees which arrived in the Solomons the last of August, 1942.

"Chief Genung, whose name appears on the Tojo Ice Co. sign, is a refrigeration man from Chicago.

"In addition to the ice plant, our men operated the Jap power house, known among the men as the 'South Sea Light and Power Co.'

"I wish your new department every success."

As an ex-infantryman, we take our hat off to the Marines. They have done and are doing a hell of a swell job in this war—but letting our memory trail back to '18 and the old A. E. F. in France, we rather recall that early in the American participation in the fighting, releases from over there gave the impression that the two regiments of Marines, brigaded with the Second Regular Division, were winning the war singlehanded. And those two regiments were the only Marines that got into the scrap! We know it wasn't the Marines' fault that they got such publicity, but rather the fault of the Press Censorship Bureau at GHQ in Chaumont, France. Anyhow, we still enjoy kidding veteran Marines about it—and here we're at it again!

And we're not blaming the Marines or the Marine Corps in its entirety for taking the limelight in connection with the Solomons picture. Evidently the photographer of this "Official Photo, U. S. Marines Corps" in his hurry, took for granted that the Marines had landed and had everything under control, and so mis-captioned the photograph as follows:

> The Tojo Ice Company, Guadalcanal, Solomon Islands group, is now under new management. Jap soldiers, who were the mainstay of the old firm, were forced to leave the island. The new owners, the United States Marine Corps, Inc., stated today that they intend to keep the old name.

We passed on our water-tight alibi to Seaman Hillinger in a letter—incidentally razzing the Marines a bit—and asked him if he might be a retread from the earlier war. He hurriedly and worriedly replied:

"I am afraid I gave the wrong impression in my letter re Tojo Ice Co. I had no intention of taking any of the credit from the Marine Corps and I am the last person to resent any publicity given to them, especially to those kids of Guadalcanal. Those of us who were there from almost the first are the ones who can testify to what so few did and the conditions under which they fought and lived.

"I am very proud that our battalion of Seabees was attached to the 1st Marine Division.

"Getting back to the reference to our sense of humor, I guess we had to make our own fun. Some of the captured equipment which we used included Jap trucks. Soon all but a few of them bore roughly-lettered signs such as 'Piellet Bro. Junk Co., Hindsdale, Ill.,' which was operated by Arthur of the same company; 'Guadalcanal Sand & Gravel Co.' and so on. For several weeks I drove a Jap truck with the name 'Chicago Surface Lines,' of which I am a former employe, painted on its side. Later, down there, we set up an oven and I worked as a baker.

"Our battalion in addition to building roads, bridges and maintaining such units as the ice plant and powerhouse, also can claim credit for building Henderson Field—and not the Army En-



"Phwhat else could thim Russians do but win wit' a gineral named Tim O'Shenko?"

You owe it to your Uncle Sam!

He needs manpower—every available person. A hearing deficiency may keep you out of the armed forces . . . but you can do your fighting on the home front . . . in war materiel plants. A good hearing aid enables you to go all out in the war effort. The movement is growing. In our plant today are workers wearing hearing aids and contributing as competently as if their hearing were normal.



You owe it to your friends!

They want to enjoy your company as much as you do theirs. Your hearing aid means as much to them as it does to you.

Are you really doing your part?

That question only *you* can answer. *Think!*

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Zenith recently started a revolution —to reduce the *cost of hearing*. After years of research and preparation, the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is now offered to the public.

The price—$40—(about one-quarter that of other good vacuum tube instruments). Complete—ready to wear—with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries—liberally guaranteed.

Inquiries from everywhere have flooded the mails—telephone calls —telegrams.

A sales volume—unheard-of in this field—is gaining daily momentum—and is a demand created by self-evident merit of the instrument itself. Today our problem becomes one of production and distribution —to as quickly as possible make the Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid available in all localities.

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There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

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Members of the armed forces are continually asking for reading matter. After you have finished with this copy of your magazine send it to a service man from your home town, either in this country or abroad. Under postal regulations it may be sent for three cents to any address in the continental United States if it is wrapped, or enclosed in an unsealed envelope. For overseas it must be sent in a sealed envelope carrying eighteen cents postage.

gineers, as one newsreel commentator said last year.

"I always found the Legion Magazine interesting reading, although I am not a veteran of the last war, having been too young at that time. A large majority of the Seabees are veterans from all branches of Army, Navy and Marine Corps, most of whom because of age, families, etc., were not subject to the draft.

"In case you should see the Marine Corps Public Relations Officer there in New York, tell him for me he cannot give enough publicity to the Marines in the Southwest Pacific.

"You ask about my hospitalization. My condition is nothing much other than something caused by the climate where I served and I hope to be going back to duty soon."

Now, have any of your Leathernecks anything to say in rebuttal? And how about Henderson Field on Guadalcanal, you Army Engineers? Let's get a nice, friendly scrap started!

P. S. A postcard from our friend, Hillinger, just came to hand and in it he says: "I, too, hope to enter the ranks of the Legion one of these days, and enjoy some of the National Conventions I've heard so much about."

IT'S the same old Army and Navy and Marine Corps as far as kids are concerned. What if in North Africa, as it was in France during the time of the 1st A. E. F., a guy got tired of having swarms of kids lining the road with outstretched hands, asking for "pennee" or "bisquee" or "cigarette"—when it came to a showdown, those kids got what they wanted, and, perhaps, needed (with the exception of the cigarette, which was presumably for the old man.) You couldn't see kids, undernourished and in rags, without doing something for them. And—we can regret it now, perhaps—the same thing held true in the Occupied Area in Germany. Those kids we fed are probably fighting our kids now!

That outburst was inspired by the official Army photograph on page 23, which proves what we say about it being the same old Army and Navy, etc. It is the beginning of what we know has already spread to wherever American troops are stationed or ships put into port, when kids in distress are found.

The sweet, shy little girl is Freida Neil whose Dad gave his life in this present war, and the officers with her are, left to right, Captain McCartney, Captain D. R. Kenzie and Major E. F. Sauer of U. S. Army Headquarters in North Ireland.

The occasion was Freida's second birthday, when the officers and men of that Headquarters officially adopted Freida and startled her with the presents they gave her.

Mind a bit of reminiscing? Back in that other war, France was overrun with waifs whose fathers had been killed in action or had been taken prisoner or had come home blinded or totally disabled or who were refugees from the invaded districts of France from which the mothers and fathers, able to work, were shipped to Germany, and the kids turned loose over the lines into Allied territory to shift for themselves.

The staff of *The Stars and Stripes* of those days, early in 1918 hit upon the plan of having these orphans adopted by various A. E. F. outfits. The cost to keep one child fed and clothed and in comparative comfort for a year was 500 francs—not much when split up among a company or other organization. It was put up to the readers of that official A. E. F. newspaper in March, 1918.

Was it a success? Fourteen months later, when the A. E. F. was rapidly dissolving through shipment of troops back to the States, the neat sum of 2,177,362.82 francs had been contributed, and 3,567 orphans had been adopted.

The collected funds were handled through the Red Cross which also selected the children to be aided. All an outfit had to do was to provide the money and designate whether it wanted a boy or girl mascot. And hundreds of letters of gratitude were received by the *parrains,* or godfathers, and some of that correspondence continued up until France was again overrun by the same enemy.

Perhaps we're not keeping current with present actions along those lines—but if such a movement hasn't been started thus far by *Yanks* or the new *Stars and Stripes,* we'd like to lay a bet it will be, when the proper time comes around!

A LAST announcement of the one-act play contest being conducted under the sponsorship of the Third Naval District and John Golden, noted producer:

The contest ends on February 15th. Only plays running from fifteen minutes to a half-hour will be considered. Manuscripts should be sent to the Welfare and Recreation Office, Third Naval District, Room 1303, 90 Church Street, New York 6.

Prizes of $500, $250, $125, $75 and $50 await the winners.

Better get busy!

THIS department wouldn't call Alaska exactly a vacation land, even though it may have its moments—or two or three months each year—when it might be nice to visit. But our fighting men up there haven't much choice in the matter—they're year-'round residents, some of 'em.

And how about the soldiers of a railroad unit who are scattered along five hundred miles of the Alaska Railroad, a vital transportation line for our supplies and ammunition and other required material of war? No Service Clubs or Day Rooms or U. S. O. Clubs in the isolated wilds of their numerous sectors—and not even a PX, that G. I. department store where necessities and minor luxuries, such as candy and cigarettes and magazines, may be bought.

Well, the Army met that condition, too. As Exhibit A, take a gander at the photograph on page 23. It's a PX that goes to the soldiers instead of the soldiers having to hoof a couple of miles to it! And no kidding about it, as it's an Official Army Photo.

The perambulating PX consists of a motor truck, mounted on rails, which draws a trailer in which supplies are carried and sales made. Whenever the PX of the Alaska Railroad shows up



"Would any of you gentlemen be interested in a musicale?"

about every two weeks, time is called from whatever duties are being performed and the men do their shopping, and then return to their jobs.

We are told that at the stop pictured, a gravel pit, about 70 soldiers bought over $300 worth of merchandise in less than an hour. That's a quick turnover!

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk



QUIET, PARDNER...
About ships, troop movements, war equipment! Axis ears may be listening!

BEST BRAND IN ANY ROUNDUP

Corralling the prime ingredient of a Calvert Reserve highball may not be as easy as it used to be. For over a year, all our distilleries have been in total war production.

But whenever you *do* meet up with this thoroughbred brand, we think you'll enjoy it all the more... since every drop of Calvert Reserve *still* comes from the finest of our choice reserve stocks.

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CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY: 86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

HOW TO WIN THE PEACE

(*Continued from page 15*)

the America which we've got to rebuild.

When President Roosevelt said, "We do not need to abandon our democracy to match the strength of aggressors," he spoke the truth. We do not need to abandon it, but we do need to go back to it.

The immediate war measure and the primary post-war task of the United States in behalf of itself and the world is to return to its moral and intellectual foundations and believe in them again.

It will take a new honoring of first principles to get back to self-faith and to re-establish the integrity of our nation. To do this, to turn our backs on political opportunists and to resist the "inevitableness" of national socialism, requires a courage which is the equivalent of the courage of America's pioneers.

For, as I attempted to point out in "Men In Motion" their principle of self-faith and integrity is the only hope of our country this side of intermittent war and permanent national distress. And in our country's accomplishment of this goal rests the only hope of a world caught in spiritual liquidation and writhing in the distortions of the post-war world.

The lopsided development of American government in the face of astounding technological improvements will grow either more lopsided or less lopsided. It will not stay, suspended, in the midpoint where it is today.

If our ability to rule ourselves grows worse, we and our children's children will descend the path of Dante's bewildered traveler, who, "worn by dreadful trials of the past, turns from the dangers which beset his life's course." We shall face the rule of a chosen group of militarists after a sufficient number of wars.

Conversely, with the support of the principle of self-faith, and in the American spirit, our future and our ability to help the world are boundless, praise God, in uncoerced dedication to the common and lofty cause of the individual strength of American men.

37 DAYS OF HORROR

(*Continued from page 11*)

back into your cramped position. For, with daylight, your own bombers will drop their morning calling cards too damned close for comfort.

Hell, Sherman, hell, brother World War One veteran, neither of you knows what hell really is. But your kid fighting in the Solomons, in New Guinea and in other sections of the Far East knows and he's taking it far better than we used to take such sissified things as deep dugouts and six-foot trenches.

Let's consider, as typical, the New Georgia campaign in which we won Munda airport. The Argonne is the only comparable World War One campaign. New Georgia took us 37 days. The Argonne lasted approximately the same span. You thought the Argonne was bad, and for 25 years you have been kidding the public that it was tough.

New Georgia had to be stormed frontally. From Rendova Island, six sea miles away, and under perfect visibility, we had to make our landing in small craft. Overhead, Mitsu Bishis, not Fokkers with their trivial load of 500 pounds, dropped tons of bombs down on us. From small islands through which we had to wend our way, Nip snipers with mortars, and with Nambu light machine guns, peppered away. From the shores of New Georgia itself, withering machine-gun fire raked our craft. And through it all came shells from island-based artillery away back in the islands.

Finally, we reached the beach-heads and stormed to the slight rise that characterizes all the Solomons. Never once did the terrific fire cease. Not once did we have a breathing spell. And in addition to landing the combat troops we also had to land our supplies, our munitions, our artillery and our medical equipment. We had to set up command posts, run wires to the foxholes which served as temporary front lines, and dig every one of those foxholes.

That 37 days was tougher than the entire 10 months and four days I spent in the front-line trenches of the Little World War! Thirty-seven days of guerilla warfare against gorillas. Thirty-seven days of no known front line; of absence of communication with divisional command post; thirty-seven days during which every bush hid potential death; where every depression in the ground and every leafy treetop hid the slant eye bent on killing you.

Thirty-seven days of emergency rations, mostly the "D" ration of chocolate and hard biscuit with rancid, iodized water to wash it down, because the "C" ration was too cumbersome to carry.

Thirty-seven days in which a majority of the boys never had hot coffee because the kitchens, back on the beach-heads, did NOT know where their comrades were and if they did, sending hot food up would probably have resulted in the death of the marmite cantoters. Well-camouflaged snipers would have seen to THAT.

That, General Sherman and World War One veteran, is what our kids took on New Georgia, kids ranging mostly from 18 to 23 years of age, many of them still able to shave their chins with butter knives.

That was thirty-seven days of what we had believed would require 19 days; thirty-seven days in which advances of 50-100-200 yards were as much a military success as a 10-mile advance in the desert sands of Algeria, Tunisia, or on the Italian mainland.

That was thirty-seven days and nights in which American boys never took off their fatigue uniforms; never had their shoes off; never washed their faces or hands because of the scarcity of water.

Thirty-seven days of hell, of stench, of filth, of bombing from the sky, and artillery pounding from the coveted Munda airport.

And those thirty-seven days were matched with thirty-seven eerie jungle nights during which sand fleas crawled into your nostrils, into your ears and into your mouth.

Thirty-seven nights during which you lay still in your foxhole smelling the stinking, rotting Jap dead and listening to the moans of your own and the Nip wounded. Listened to pleas in perfect English, pleas for water, for assistance, pleas you had to ignore, for many of the Nips, products of our school sys-

For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our associations in the Great Wars; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness. — PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION.



...OUR BOYS ARE BETTER PROTECTED AND CARRY MORE PUNCH THAN WE DID

2 Reasons Why U. S. Casualties Will Be Held to the Minimum

Every American soldier who carries a fast-firing Winchester Carbine is practically a one-man machine gun nest. Developed by Western's Winchester Division, the Winchester Carbine, in the hands of thousands of troops formerly armed with service pistols, increases an infantry division's fire-power nearly *one-third.*

With the Winchester Carbine and the famous Garand rifle which enables our troops to fire 8 shots at the enemy while he's returning less than 4, our boys can really "turn on the heat".

With these two modern weapons —produced by Western's Winchester division—our boys are better protected, our casualties held to the minimum.

CARBINE'S SCREEN OF FIRE IS 6 TIMES DEEPER

The Winchester Carbine, known as U. S. Carbine, Caliber .30 M1, delivers 15 shots, as fast as the trigger can be squeezed. The intensity of its fire-power is nearly *double that of the service pistol, with 6 times greater range.*

DEADLY GARAND RIFLES

Typical Garand effectiveness was demonstrated by an American who got 8 charging Germans with the 8 shots in his cartridge clip. In making Garands, Western's Winchester division has *cut their cost to ⅓ the original contract price.*

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Western-operated plants at East Alton, Ill., New Haven, Conn., and St. Louis, Mo., have manufactured more than 5 billion rifle and machine gun cartridges of .30, .50 and other calibers.

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Millions of people suffering from simple Piles, have found prompt relief with PAZO ointment. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment.

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When burning feet cry out with agony from all-day standing—when shoes that pinch nearly drive you crazy—try this wonderful, soothing powder that works like magic to bring blissful foot relief. Just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in your shoes and sing with joy when tired, burning feet lose their sting and pain. For over 50 years, millions of people have found happy relief and real foot comfort with Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't wait! Get a package today. Try this easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

tem, were trying to coax you out with feigned wounds.

General, and Legion comrade, the Argonne was a Rotary Club picnic!

I rode into Mexico with Pershing in temperatures ranging up to 132, brutal, forced riding, during which the alkali dust, mingled with our own perspiration, gave us saddle sores from our ankles to our groins. I took in World War One with a fighting combat Division and went through the little hell we knew as Château-Thierry and the Argonne. In Finland against the Russians and in Norway with the British, I suffered as a war correspondent in temperatures of 30 to 50 below zero and in snows ranging up to 26-feet deep.

Chased out of Namsos, Norway, with the British, I took a Luftwaffe beating in the North Sea and saw four of our skimpy 11-ship convoy blasted to bits. I took all the Germans could offer in London, Coventry and other British towns and I know what it's like to be blown up by a mine in the cold English Channel. I've bounced around in flak over German cities riding bombers on their night missions and I know what it's like to be shot down in one of our own Flying Fortresses, but, brother, when it comes to HELL, the ground action in the Japanese-held islands of the South and Southwest Pacific is the McCoy.

Remember how you used to gripe, brother World War One veteran? Remember every time you got your pay, which was seldom enough, you usually found ways to spend it? Remember your allotment for Liberty Bonds? It's a laugh. In the South Pacific, if you get any pay there's no place to spend it. There's no canteen, no P. X., no cities or towns, and the native villages are just a group of stinking, thatched huts—those that are left. No company crap game, no all-night card sessions behind well-blanketed doorways of deep dugouts.

It's just a continuous round of non-pleasure, with every light, even a lighted cigarette, taboo from sundown to sun-up, if the sun comes up. And then, your task over for the nonce, you might be relieved and sent away back to Noumea on New Caledonia for a short rest period—that is, you might be if the shipping were available, and it usually isn't. What have you then? No stores in which to browse about in, no gin mill to catch up with a well-earned drink, no ice-cold beer, no girls to talk to, no Y. M. C. A. with hot coffee and other American food, no nearby épicerie in which to buy a hunk of cheese or get an omelet "des oeufs," and no jambon. You just drill, brother, drill and go to your bunk and wait for the day you'll go back to the jungles again.

And to get rid of your money, if you're the average American soldier, sailor or marine of today, you have a large allotment, you buy Victory Bonds, and you hope against hope the next visit to the front might produce a "blighty" long enough to get you back to the States. That is, if you haven't lost your sanity already—and many of our boys have.

Okay, General Sherman, I can see you're not too proud of your well-worn phrase right now.

Okay, Comrade World War One veteran, I can see you squirming. And yet I've pulled punches in writing this! But the kids I left behind in the jungles are not pulling theirs, and although I'll admit war is hell, this is a hell of a hell! There will have to be a house-cleaning in heaven to make way for the survivors when their "borrowed time" runs out.

And every man Jack in the Asiatic theatre IS living on Borrowed Time from the day he first sets foot in the territory and offers up his blood to the Amophele mosquito, his sanity to creeping, slimy jungle lizards and his American way of life to fighting the most animalistic creature ever put into military uniform—the stinking, sadistic, absolutely inhuman enemy of every American—the Jap.

THUMB FUN

(*Continued from page 25*)

wait for his own military career to begin. I immediately became the outlet for his inhibitions. His adoring mother looked around from the front seat with limpid-eyed approval as her offspring abandoned himself to a juvenile orgy. He tried on my military cap. He pulled my tie. He pulled my hair. He bit exposed parts of my flesh.

For my transportation that afternoon I endured two hours of mauling and general overhauling. The young man began to seem tireless. I could do nothing to divert him from the object of his immediate affections.

The mother was asphyxiated by amusement at all these adorable antics of her darling.

In addition to being a convenient source of transportation, hitchhiking can be a risk, a gamble, an adventure, an annoyance, a trial and sometimes a peril. One night with my friend, Private Hock Hoolihan, I was sitting at a roadhouse acquiring some last-minute fortitude before catching rides back to camp. We were intent on a private discussion, but a well-built and well-boiled "feather merchant" (G I for civilian) forced his attentions on us.

Hoolihan was animated by the temper

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

of the Irish. After several polite attempts to brush the interloper aside, Hoolihan jumped up and confronted our tormentor. "Scram, feather merchant! We have something to talk about."

"Well, how do you like that?" remonstrated the civilian, affronted that his friendliness was countered by ferocity. "I try to be nice and then you get tough. Well, lishun here. I'm about to be commissioned a senior lieutenant in the Navy. Then you'll be sorry. Then you'll have to salute me, you little—."

Hoolihan was little, but whiskey made him bold. "Why, you civilian puke!" he screamed. His eyes were dancing. "Pull your rank on us before you even get it. Why, I've a notion to slug you one."

I withdrew my inflamed comrade from trouble. I reminded him that an irregularity in our pass situation would make a scene here too dear a luxury. The barkeep pacified the boracho.

Midnight closed the bar. We took to the road. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if our friend picked us up?" I smirked.

The clarifying cool night air recalled to bantam Hoolihan that his near-adversary was a gentleman of admirable physical proportions.

"A remarkable possibility," he appraised.

A black sedan pulled up. Just as in the story books, our friend was therein. I joined him in the front seat. His late needler slid into the back seat. There was no immediate indication of recognition. The drinking man steered his car from side to side down the road until we came to a red flare where there had recently been an accident.

"My God, we've all been drinking and here are the cops!" I said.

"Don't worry about that, old boy," blandly slobbered our driver. He cut off into a dark byroad. A perfect setting for adventure.

"Where do you boys think you are going?" he interrogated.

"San Bernardino," I said. "Sixty miles."

"What a coinshidence. That's my home town. Just for fun, I have a hunch to drive you there."

"Wonderful," I said, with misgivings. What kind of games did this man play? "Why don't you let me drive? I'm a G I chauffeur," I lied.

"Why sure!"

So I drove. My host scrutinized me closely. Here it comes, I thought.

"Why, you square-jawed son!" he remarked. "I like you. Put 'er there."

Freeing one hand, I put 'er there.

"That's fine. I like you, too," I lied.

"You know, a couple of shavetail shrimps just fluffed me off in a bar. I was trying to be friendly. There was a little shavetail with a loud mouth. He called me a 'feather merchant.' Why, that little pipsqueak. Why, I'm going to be a Navy senior lieutenant soon. Then he'll have to salute me. He'll have to get off the sidewalk when I walk by. If I ever see that little monkey again, I'll tear him in half. Why, the. . . "

"He must have been a damned fool to insult a nice chap like you."

"You can say that again," bugled the stiff.

"Some officers are like that," I said. It was my job to keep this man occupied until we reached San Bernardino. "Their commissions go to their heads. I've known plenty just like him. I don't blame you."

"Why, that little. . ."

This conversation continued to develop for about 55 of the 60 miles. Our host announced that I should stop the car so he could respond to the pressure that drinking builds. I stalled him through two towns, because I could imagine some unpleasant circumstances of stopping the car at that hour, in case the dawn of recognition illuminated his brain.

Just as I had the car's owner re-

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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
FINANCIAL STATEMENT
October 31, 1943

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit		$ 726,651.30
Accounts receivable		158,625.33
Inventories		137,145.43
Invested funds		2,931,530.77
Permanent Investment:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund		222,866.23
Office Building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation		122,142.67
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation		43,358.79
Deferred charges		23,842.21
		$4,366,162.73

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities		$ 83,759.17
Funds restricted as to use		60,665.59
Deferred revenue		488,310.28
Permanent Trust:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund		222,866.23
Net Worth:		
Restricted Capital	$2,898,792.19	
Unrestricted Capital	611,769.27	$3,510,561.46
		$4,366,162.73

DONALD G. GLASCOFF,
National Adjutant

signed to finishing the trip before stopping, Hoolihan awoke from a deep slumber and grumbled, "When are we gonna stop? I can't control myself much longer."

I still made the post gate without stopping. At that point the feather merchant shook hands with us both. "Youish are grand guys. I'm gonna be in the shervice soon. Navy lieutenant. Then that goddam skinny shavetail will have to salute me. And if I ever see him again. . ."

WE try to keep up a conversation when single individuals accommodate us. If alone in a back seat we feel free to sleep or read. In conversation with itinerant natives, we strive, sincerely or otherwise, to praise the countryside.

If for relief from the car's heat or smells I roll down a window, I'm always careful to restore it to position. When his machine is left in disarray the driver naturally reacts, "All soldiers are boors; therefore I'll pick up no more of them."

Many times by engaging a driver in delightful conversation I have managed to induce him to suggest deviating from his route and to bring me closer to my destination. Of course, I protest, "Oh, you shouldn't go out of your way."

"But I want to."

"But with the gas situation. . . "

"Forget it; it's my pleasure."

This little tête a tête may proceed as long as it gives both parties pleasure. Like all rides, this one should be culminated with profuse expressions of gratitude. "Thanks" costs nothing, gives joy to the recipient and paves the way for another soldier's ride.

ASSIGNMENT IN AMERICA

(*Continued from page 13*)

curity only if the entire nation has that security. No matter how intelligently we propose to provide for the returning soldier, we cannot make good on our intentions if our land is wracked by inflation, by unemployment, by social confusion. We cannot build an island of security for our returning heroes under such circumstances.

Each one of these fighting men is dreaming of that day when he will return to his own blessed America. And what he dreams of is the good old farm he left, or the home town, his friends, his neighbors, his job and, above all, his family. These things are part of him and they are a part of his security. If they suffer, he must suffer, too. His Government does him scant service if it plans for his security only in terms of an individual pay-off or reward that leaves out of consideration the economic health of the community where he finds the very roots of his well-being and happiness.

You men who are veterans of World War One know what I am talking about. You know that job priorities and other adequate provisions and rights for veterans are the least a grateful nation can give. But these alone are not enough. When you returned from France you wanted a good job, but not at the expense of someone else, perhaps your friend or your father or you brother.

You wanted hospital care, of course, but you also wanted other sick and ailing people about you to have the care they needed. Certainly you wanted your country to make some return to you for what you had lost by reason of your service. But more important than that you wanted opportunity to earn a lasting security for yourself and your family in a secure society.

Well, you know what happened. Your Government gratefully made some provision for your immediate and more desperate needs, but there was no provision for a secure future, either for you or for the nation as a whole. The country slumped back to "normalcy" and the result was near-disaster—inflation, depression, unemployment, soup kitchens, breadlines. Ex-service men felt the hard times as much as anyone. Just as we are fighting a total war, we must plan a total peace and a total reconstruction.

What should we do, then, to build a homeland "worthy of heroes"? That is a brave and big question and I will attempt to answer it only in the broadest terms. It seems to me that the Good Life which every American—service man and civilian—wants depends upon three major social objectives, all of which can be won under our system of free enterprise. These are:

1. Full production—the maximum use of our amazingly efficient, wealth-producing plant of machines and manpower. This means full employment, a job for everyone able to work.

2. The highest possible buying power—efficient distribution of the wealth of goods we can and should produce. This means good wages, reasonable prices, coöperation on the part of labor, industry and agriculture, wholesome foreign trade.

3. Social security—a nation-wide, comprehensive system of contributory social insurance under which workers, employers and the Government will coöperate to guarantee some income to all workers and their families whenever the breadwinner cannot work and earn.

Plans are afoot now by far-sighted leaders of industry, labor and Government to provide for a quick and orderly reconversion of our gigantic productive plant from a war to a peace basis. The goal of these plans is continuing

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full production and full employment. This has been a matter of major concern to the President and to the leaders in many fields. In facing a task so huge and complex we are starting none too early, no matter when the end of the war comes. And we have well-considered plans for implementing that third principle bulwarking the Good Life, social security.

We already have a sound and workable social security system. It was born out of the travail of the depression, but it has proved itself by eight years of efficient operation. Millions of Americans have felt its boon in greater family security, better health, improved opportunities for children, a more contented old age and sounder community life. Our present programs provide:

Monthly payments for life to workers insured under the Federal *old-age and survivors insurance system* when they retire at the age 65 or later; monthly payments also to families of retired workers or of insured workers who have died. More than 60 million persons have earned wage credits which count toward these benefits, and some 700,000 persons now receive payments totaling about 12 million dollars a month.

Weekly payments to unemployed workers insured under the state *unemployment insurance* systems. More than 40 million persons are covered. While less than 100,000 are now drawing these benefits, as many as 1.2 million workers received them during weeks in 1940 when jobs were less plentiful.

Monthly cash payments to the needy aged, the needy blind, and dependent children. Some three million persons now receive this assistance, which is given by the States with the Federal Government sharing the cost.

These are impressive facts. But an honest look at our social security system will reveal its gaps and weaknesses as well as its achievements. When we appraise our system as an adequate tool to ease the shock of postwar adjustment, as well as the effects of economic misfortune which threaten all of us at any time, its shortcomings are apparent. Chief among them are: Exclusion of some 20 million persons from the protection of the old-age and survivors insurance and unemployment insurance systems; lack of insurance protection against sickness and disability and against the costs of medical care; difficulties in our unemployment insurance system because the same benefit rates and the same contribution rates do not apply to workers and employers in every part of our nation, and do not always provide benefits adequate to meet the needs of jobless workers and their families; lack of coverage of needy persons other than the needy aged, and the needy blind, and dependent children under the public assistance programs; and inadequate assistance payments to many needy persons, particularly those in poorer States.

Several times the President has publicly urged that we build a more adequate social security structure and that we start building it now. I have submitted to the Congress the proposals of the Social Security Board for changes in the Social Security Act—proposals that have grown out of years of study and operation of the present system. If adopted, those proposals would go far toward closing the gaps in our present system and toward correcting shortcomings which could be discovered only as we gained more experience. We would then have protection against all the major economic hazards which threaten our daily lives. Actually we would thereby have abolished destitution in America.

Special social security measures are necessary to meet our obligations to members of the armed forces. We must not only secure to them the provisions for which patriotic and honorable military service certainly makes them eligible, but also to make certain they do not lose the protection they had earned while in civilian life. Recognizing this need, the President has urged, in addition to trade-training, disability and death compensation, pensions, medical and hospital care for the disabled, the following:

1. Measures to provide a regular income to ex-service men and women during the period of readjustment and job-finding after demobilization.

2. Allowance of credit to all service men and women under unemployment insurance and old-age and survivors insurance for their period of service, regardless of whether they were insured under those systems before they entered the armed forces.

Who among us will be satisfied, however, once we provide these special services? As the President pointed out, such provisions represent the least to which members of the armed forces are entitled. I would not venture to define the "most" to which they are entitled. But foremost among our obligations to them I would place the assurance that they will return to a homeland better than the one they left.

As Walter Lippmann wrote recently, we can repay the debt we owe the men of Salerno Beach only by keeping strong and certain in our hearts the meaning of their deeds. "You cannot pay," he wrote, "a soldier in dollars, in votes, in hours of pleasure, or in any other tangible thing, because those are the very things he gives up. It may be forever, when he storms the beaches at Salerno. He has not been paid at all in the only coin which is good at Salerno unless, whether he falls or comes back, he has not suffered in vain."

We must see to it that they have not suffered in vain. That is our assignment in America.



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TRUCKING RATES ITS E

(*Continued from page 26*)

And, when you come to think of it, things could hardly be otherwise, for among the 3,000,000 owners of the 4,600,000 trucks in this country are thousands of men who, from personal experience in a certain other fracas of world renown, know what it means to soldiers, sailors, and marines to have food, clothing, and munitions where they are needed, when they are needed, and in quantities that insure defeat of an enemy. Take that trucking job for the Oregon maneuvers. That was Consolidated Freightways, whose normal fleet of trucks already had more than they could haul. Yet, with a job to do, in three days the boss and his staff set up a whole new truck line of 45 pieces of leased equipment, including organization, personnel, billing and recording procedures. Then, under simulated, but nonetheless grueling, battle-front conditions, they hauled food night and day for those 75,000 hungry soldiers for a period of two months.

Also, there are the two Overseas Truck Regiments, recruited entirely from volunteers in the trucking industry back in November of 1942. The War Department wanted 200 applicants for officerships and 1800 for enlistment in subordinate capacities, all with truck transportation experience. The destination was unannounced, the mission was secret and described as "vital," so the Army put it up to The American Trucking Associations, Inc., which is national headquarters for the industry with offices in Washington.

The ATA wired 305 members of its Trucking Service War Council, and five days later the necessary personnel was lined up. As the top age limit was 45, quite a number of "retreads" found their way back into service in an entirely new capacity. That was over a year ago, and they've since been heard from in Iran, in the shadow of the Pyramids, and in other places where American truck operators never dreamed they would have to "keep 'em rolling."

But those aren't the only nor biggest problems that have been tossed in the general direction of the trucking industry since Pearl Harbor, and even before. By far the toughest have been right here at home. In the first place, according to Office of Defense Transportation estimates, out of all the trucks in this country, only about 600,000 are classed as "for-hire" vehicles. A little over four million are privately owned; three million-odd are in commerce and industry; and farmers operate slightly over a million. Although all these trucks today are engaged in some manner in the war effort, the burden of what is known as "commercial hauling" falls wholly within the "for-hire" group. The operators of these vehicles are the men who comprise what is generally known as "the trucking industry."

It was to them, therefore, that your Uncle said, in substance: "Boys, you're going to have to perform a few transportation miracles. Not only is there going to be an unprecedented number of tons of freight to be moved over the highways — and fast! — but you can't have any appreciable increase in trucks with which to do it. There won't be enough tires to go around; gasoline will be rationed, too; you'd better dig up some old bailing wire and mucilage, for repair parts will be scarcer than a railroad man at a truckman's convention. And I'm going to take a lot of your men into my armed forces."

Whew! Men of the trucking industry are pre-eminently fellows who can take it on the chin and come right back for more. They've had to be tough to make their industry grow from the sprawling, unruly, undisciplined, fast-growing brat that it was in the early 1930's to the orderly, well-conducted, government-supervised young giant that it is today.

However, they've done it, and they are continuing to do it, but just how, in the face of the obstacles, they probably don't exactly know themselves. Indicative of the increase in freight transported by trucks are the figures announced last October by Brigadier General Robert H. Wylie, Acting Chief of Transportation, Transportation Corps, Army Service Forces. He told the truckmen at their annual convention that the total outbound tonnage of motor carrier traffic from all installations for the War Department for six months ending December 31, 1941, was 139,800 tons. In the next six months, ending June 30, 1942, it expanded to 559,000 tons, while the ensuing half year saw a rise to 1,890,000 tons. But, for the period ending June 30, 1943, the figure reached the astounding proportions of 3,305,000 tons! And this in addition to the millions of tons of civilian freight.

"So far as the Army is concerned," said General Wylie, "the job could not have been done without you." And then he told them that they'd have to shoulder more of the increasing burden the Army would be under in 1944.

From the July, 1943, report by Joseph B. Eastman, Director, Office of Defense Transportation, came a realistic summation of what that means to the motor-carrier industry: ". . . for the past year and a half the country has been dependent on a supply of new trucks equal to less than one-tenth of normal supply." The report stated that in contrast to rail cars and locomotives, trucks "are distinctly short-lived property. Many are now being operated which would otherwise long ago have been replaced."

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Eastman's ODT did its best by requesting the War Production Board for a minimum of 79,625 truck units during the first half of 1944, but the WPB knocked that idea flat with approval of but 47,919 units. Even the 7500 heavy-duty vehicles that were authorized last June for production during the third and fourth quarters of 1942 haven't come off the line, and only about 100 of them were expected to be completed by the end of the year. Meanwhile, as of October 2d, the reserve stock pile, which contained 9100 heavy-duty jobs on May 23, 1942, was down to 105—approximately one week's supply at the average rate of rationing.

Meanwhile, also, the "must" freight to be hauled increases daily, particularly in the Far West which, more than any other part of the nation, is dependent on trucks. In California alone, some two-thirds of *all* freight traffic moves by truck; in Nevada, more than 265 communities, containing over half the population of the State, are dependent upon truck transportation. For that matter, 54,453 communities in these United States are serviced solely by motor vehicles, and 20 of our larger cities receive *all* milk by truck. Mind you, it's not just wartime traffic that has the motor carriers running in little circles: It's milk for the nation's babies; it's 25 million tons of coal shipped from mines by truck; it's 98 percent of all live poultry and 66 percent of all eggs received in 16 of the nation's largest markets.

As to manpower, the motor carriers, like every other sector of American industry, have lost some of their best men to the armed services but, characteristically, they've been doing things about it. Between Pearl Harbor and August 1, 1942, the trucking industry suffered a labor turn-over of 48.8 percent. That figure covered a 12.4 percent drain by the armed forces; 16.4 percent to war industries; 20 percent for reasons not directly traceable, but believed largely due to the latter cause.

Nothing daunted, the industry set out, with aid from ODT and other organizations, to lick this problem. Vocational training classes in automotive maintenance have been established in 32 States and the District of Columbia, with more to follow. Larger trucking concerns conduct their own classes, turning some drivers into mechanics as a short cut to that profession, and hiring new people to be drivers.

Through what is known as "Joint Actions," huge savings have been made not only in manpower, but also in conservation of equipment, tires, and gasoline. Essentially, "Joint Action" means that where two or more truck lines covered the same territory, duplication of service has been eliminated to the point where there are enough trucks to do the job, and no more. The ODT believes this to be "the most fruitful field now open . . . for greater motor vehicle conservation," and congratulated the industry on its Joint Actions which brought about an annual saving of 39,600,000 truck miles.

As to the continuance of the manpower shortage, however, ODT Director Eastman says: "The conditions which produced it will almost certainly grow worse for some time to come. On the other hand, there are ways and means of obtaining relief . . ." One of them, as anybody these days should know, is American womanhood. In Chester, Pennsylvania, for instance, is Mrs. Alma Dyke who, up to last October, had trained 150 girls between the ages of 21 and 35 to drive for Nu-Car Carriers, Inc., and—heaven bless 'em!—they're doing a grand job, as are their sisters in comparable work all over the nation.

And yet, with constant demand for speed of delivery, with necessity for long hours at the wheel, with out-moded equipment, the motor carriers have set themselves an enviable record of safety on the highways. Highway truck fatalities decreased 14 percent in 1942.

Today, trucks haul 18 percent of all freight—including that traveling by rail, water, and air—and 25 percent as much as the railroads. Motor carriers pay more than a million a day in special highway taxes, besides their regular business taxes. The industry's flexibility, ingenuity, and will-to-win has completely nullified the carpings of former critics. One of them, no less than Petroleum Coördinator Harold L. Ickes, once said: "I have promised some day to give myself the pleasure of driving down a truck-infested road in the biggest armored tank that I can find and bumping those pests off the road." Today, it is: "Your contribution has been so substantial [in meeting oil transportation problems] that I should like to take this opportunity of acknowledging it publicly."

America's trucking industry certainly rates an Army-Navy E.

OUTFIT NOTICES

REUNIONS during this war period are few in number, but again we want to stress, as we have from time to time for years, that this office must be advised at least five weeks in advance of the month in which a reunion is to be held so that announcement may appear.

Soc. of 3d Div.—Vets not receiving copies of *The Watch on the Rhine* may obtain sample copy by writing to Harry Cedar, assoc. editor, 4320 Old Dominion Dr., Arlington, Va.

Btry. A, 124th F. A.—25th annual reunion. Springfield, Ill., Jan. 8. Write L. E. Head, Reisch Bldg., Springfield, or Emmett Rebok, 800 S. 9th St., Springfield.

71st Regt. Vets. Assoc. (NYNG) and 54th Pioneer Inf., AEF—Testimonial dinner to Gen. William G. Bates and reunion of N. Y., Philadelphia and Minnesota Chapters, Hotel Roosevelt, New York City, Jan. 22. Write Philip G. O'Connor, secy., 54th Pioneer Inf. Vets. Assoc., 3224—149th St., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

302d Engineers—Silver Jubilee Dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th St., New York City. Sat., Feb. 19. A. Avignone, chmn., c/o Clubhouse.



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1944—VICTORY YEAR

The Editorial Viewpoint

THE meetings of political and military leaders of the United Nations in Africa and Asia point up a fact of the utmost importance: *The war can be won in* 1944, and we'll be to blame, all of us of the Allies, if it isn't. The pattern of victory is fairly clear. It envisages more and more of the hammer blows from the air on German war production which Alexander de Seversky and other Americans sincerely believe will by themselves persuade the Germans to quit. But it also plans for ground smashes at various points in the Fortress Europa. We count on the Russian pressure against the Hitler horde to continue and to grow throughout the winter, while the British and Americans hurl the Germans out of Italy and get airfields which will bring every factory in Roumania, Hungary, Austria, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Germany within five hundred miles of our air bases in Russia, Britain and Italy.

The average German is frightened stiff at what is happening to Hitler's New World Order, and the average member of the Nazi party is going to share that fright as the winter nights bring more and more devastating raids. The R.A.F. in Britain and the Near East will pulverize the strategic areas of more and more German-held territories, while the American bombers in Italy and England, with strong fighter escort, do their daylight precision blasting as a mop-up operation in the same cities. Russia, with the air and tank support of her allies and her own amazing personnel to implement the striking power made available through this circumstance and the steadily growing Soviet war industry, will go forward toward Berlin.

We have the utmost faith in our military leaders' judgment as to the proper time for the invasion of the continent from the west and/or through the Balkans. The casualties implicit in such invasions are sickeningly heavy. But every American who has a son or brother participating in them may be certain that every effort will be made to hold down our bloodletting, consistent with the capture of the necessary objectives. The Flag which was hauled down at Ehrenbreitstein by General Allen on January 24, 1923 will go up again in German cities in 1944.

In all this we do not forget Japan. Not for nothing has Chiang Kai-shek participated in the historic conferences of November. The Australian and American forces will continue to shrink the Nippon sphere of influence in drives from the East and South, while the Chinese, British and Americans increase the pressure from the Asiatic continent. When the Nazis fold the whole weight of an outraged civilization will fall on the Japanese mainland, with such a devastating thoroughness that even the Nipponese monkeys will realize the jig is up. Let's wind up the entire mess before New Year's, 1945.

Now is the accepted time. Near is the day of salvation for the peoples who have sat these many years in the darkness of a barbarous tyranny.



Major General Henry T. Allen hauls down Old Glory at Fort Ehrenbreitstein, January 24, 1923, symbolizing the end of the American occupation of German territory

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